McKean County Miner.

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State Library

FO'TEEN TO FO' WAS THE SCO'

At Eldred Tuesday, Smethport Defeated the Angels With Ease.

SMETHPORT 12, MOUNT JEWETT 0.

Tells the Tale of What Happened at Mt. Jewett Friday—Smethport vs. Mt. Jewett To-morrow.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Smethport	4	0	1.000
Mt. Jewett	2	2	.500
Eldred	2	3	.400
Port Allegany	1	4	.200

The Smethport ball team is now in its old-time form. It is playing winning ball every game. In the past week we have won two decisive league victories one from Mt. Jewett last Friday and the other from Eldred on Tuesday. Mt. Jewett was taken into camp by a score of 12 to 0, and at Eldred the score was "fo'teen to fo'."

Tuesday afternoon we journeyed down to Eldred and this is what happened: Smethport was first at bat and aside from Daniel's two-bagger the side was retired in order. Eldred made two singles after one man was out but the next two retired them without scoring.

While at bat in the second inning Croissant was hit on the first finger of his right hand with a pitched ball and the bone in the member was broken off squarely near the third joint. We had no other regular catcher nor another man in uniform, so our plucky little catcher kept his troubles to himself and strange as it may seem finished the game with but one passed ball and not a stolen base charged against him, so well had he thrown in the early part of the game and during practice. When Croissant arrived home he had the finger put in splints and he probably will be laid up for two or three weeks. Notwithstanding this serious injury the umpire refused to allow Croissant his base, alleging he struck at the ball and this clearly kept us from scoring in this inning. From this time till the last of the fourth inning neither side was in danger of scoring.

Llewellyn started the ball for Eldred in the fourth by reaching first on an error, Bernard sacrificed and Llewellyn scored on Jessop's hit, Slack drew a pass and Traynor hit a fly to left field which Ramer dropped and then threw badly to third base. McCabe got the ball and tried to shut Jessop off at home, but the diamond was filled with Eldred rooters and before the ball could be rescued from the crowd the bases were cleared and Eldred had four runs to its credit. Captain Tull protested against allowing two of these runs but without avail. This double error on Ramer's part looked bad at first but when he came in at the end of the inning and showed where he had dislocated a finger and fairly shoved the bone through the flesh these misplays became excusable.

By this time the county seat crowd was pretty mad and they proceeded to take revenge on the ball and Eldred's pitcher. Denning opened with a fly to left field which Sweeney dropped but he was caught at second, Andrews singled and scored on Tull's two-bagger. Keefer sacrificed and McCabe's hit scored Daniels and McCabe scored on Croissant's long fly which was dropped in right field. Ramer's three strikes retired the side. Score 4 to 4. Eldred was retired with two men on bases.

Again in the sixth we hit hard. McClure opened with a single, Denning did likewise and both scored on Andrew's three-bagger. Tull went out on a grounder to second, Daniels and Keefer singled and McCabe drove a hard line hit which struck Jessop on the arm and crippled him so that he had to take a rest before proceeding with the game, and Croissant scored all but himself with a two-bagger. This netted us six more runs, so the next two struck out and retired the side. Four Eldred men faced Denning. Score Eldred 4, Smethport 10.

In our half of the seventh inning a combination of errors and bases on balls together with Tull's single and McCabe's two-bagger netted us four more runs. Eldred's first man up reached first on Croissant's only passed ball, because his finger was so bad he could not throw him out, but he was retired at second on a fielder's choice and the two who followed retired the side.

Time for the train was drawing near so Smethport did not take their bat and aside from Traynor's two-base hit Eldred was again retired in order. Eldred then gave up all hope and the game was called: Smethport 14, Eldred 4. The summary follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	4	3	2	0	0	1
Tull, ss	5	2	3	2	1	0
Daniels, 2d	5	2	3	3	2	0
Keefer, 1st	4	2	1	6	0	1
McCabe, 3d	5	2	3	1	1	2
Croissant, c	5	0	1	12	1	0
Ramer, lf	2	0	0	1	0	2
McClure, rf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Denning, p	4	2	1	0	1	0
Total	[illegible]	14	15	24	6	6

Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Armstrong, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Havens, 2d	4	0	1	2	4	3
Llewellyn, rf	4	1	1	1	0	1
Bernard, 1st	3	0	0	4	0	0
Jessop, p	4	1	1	1	0	0
Slack, c	3	1	1	10	0	0
Traynor, 3d	3	1	1	0	0	2
Denning, ss	4	0	0	2	1	1
Whittemore, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Sweeney, lf	2	0	0	0	1	1
Total	32	4	6	21	3	8

Smethport 0 0 0 0 4 6 4 *—14
Eldred 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 0—4

Earned runs—Smethport 6.
Stolen bases—Keefer, Croissant, Ramer.
Two base hits—Tull, Daniels 2, McCabe, Croissant, Traynor.
Three base hit—Andrews.
Double plays—Daniels to Keefer; Denning to Bernard.
Bases on balls—off Denning 1; off Jessop 2.
Hit by pitched ball—by Jessop 1.
Struck out—by Denning 12; by Jessop 5.
Passed balls—Croissant 1; Slack 3.
Time of game—1:35.
Umpire—Platts.

SMETHPORT AT MT. JEWETT.

Our bunch of ball tossers went up to Mt. Jewett and took a little of the conceit out of the team of that place and incidentally taught them a few lessons in the ever popular national game. Denning, who was in fine condition, pitched an excellent game, and the team gave him first-class support. Just 29 men faced Denning in the nine innings and he allowed the mountain boys but two hits so at no time was there any real danger of their scoring.

We started off in the first inning with the full intention of winning the game, and so fast and snappy was our play that we had the home team badly worried before the game was fairly started. Benson pitched for Mt. Jewett and hit Andrews for a starter, he stole second and reached third on an error at second, Tull attempted to sacrifice but owing to poor judgment he was allowed to reach first and Andrews scored, Tull stole second and Daniels got one in the slats, Stull's single and Croissant's sacrifice scored two more runs and an error gave us four in the first.

We got one in the second on a couple of hits and an error or two and in the third we took two more out of a mixture of hits and errors. In the fourth inning an error and four good hits gave us four runs two of which were earned. This made the score 11 to 0 and our boys let up for a while. Benson got tired in the sixth inning and Gardner took his place in the seventh and did fairly well, we only taking one more in the eighth.

However much of the run getting was due to the poor playing of the home team and as they are reported to be diligently at work practicing and strengthening the weak points they may make it very interesting for us when we meet here to-morrow. Following is the tabulated score:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	4	2	1	0	0	0
Tull, 3d	4	2	3	1	6	1
Daniels, ss	4	3	2	1	4	0
Keefer, 1st	4	2	2	15	0	0
Stull, lf	5	2	2	2	0	0
Croissant, c	3	0	0	6	0	1
Young, rf	5	0	1	1	0	0
McClure, 2d	4	0	1	1	0	0
Denning, p	3	1	1	0	3	0
Total	36	12	13	27	13	2

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, 3d	4	0	0	5	0	3
Cleveland, 1st	4	0	0	8	0	1
Larson, c	3	0	0	8	0	1
McCarty, ss	3	0	0	0	3	0
Rook, 2d	3	0	0	1	3	2
E. Benson, lf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Gardner, cf-p	3	0	0	2	2	0
McGee, rf	3	0	1	1	0	0
J. Benson, p	2	0	0	0	2	0
Mulhulder, cf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	29	0	2	24	10	7

Mt. Jewett 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Smethport 4 1 2 4 0 0 0 1 *—12

Earned runs—Smethport 2.
Stolen bases—Andrews 2, Tull, Stull.
Two base hit—Daniels.
Double play—Tull to Keefer.
Struck out—by Denning 7; by Benson 4; by Gardner 1.
Bases on balls—off Benson 1.
Hit by pitched ball—by Benson 2.
Passed balls—Larson 2.
Time of game—1:30.
Umpire—McCarty.

MT. JEWETT 9; PORT ALLEGANY 8.

Last Monday the Mt. Jewett team redeemed themselves in a way for the beating we gave them by trimming the Port Allegany bunch at Mt. Jewett by a score of 9 to 8. The two umpire system was used so there should be no complaint by Port of being robbed. Benson pitched this game and it is said that he did excellent work.

HOW THEY STAND.

The men are certainly slugging the ball as the fact that seven of them are in the .300 class or better will show. Daniels is leading this week. Tull's work for the last two games has been first class and he took a big jump both in batting and fielding. Keefer's good work is a feature. He has accepted 61 out of 63 chances. Croissant's work on the field for the season is excellent.

BATTING.

Player.	G	AB	R	H	Ave.
Daniels	7	26	7	13	.500
Stull	6	25	8	12	.480
Keefer	6	27	4	10	.370
Andrews	8	33	10	12	.364
McCabe	13	53	13	19	.357
Young	8	33	4	10	.303
Tull	11	50	14	15	.300
Fuller	4	16	2	4	.250
Denning	13	49	13	12	.243
King	8	27	5	5	.185
Croissant	14	61	8	11	.180
Ramer	9	32	5	4	.125
McClure	10	41	6	5	.122

FIELDING.

Player.	G	PO	A	E	Ave.
Stull f	6	5	2	0	1,000
McClure f	10	8	4	0	1,000
Keefer 1b	6	60	1	2	.953
Croissant 1b-c	14	118	14	11	.920
Daniels 2b-ss	7	12	19	4	.886
Denning p-f	13	21	21	7	.857
Tull p-3b-ss	11	19	29	8	.837
McCabe 3b-p	13	24	30	13	.805
Andrews 1b-f	8	14	1	4	.789
Young 1b-2b	8	28	7	8	.789
Fuller p	4	1	6	2	.778
King ss-1b-2b	8	18	11	12	.708
Ramer	9	9	1	6	.600

DIAMOND DUST.

Do we look like pennant winners?

Our percentage is 1,000.

We will miss Croissant, our plucky little catcher, but we have enough left to keep our opponents guessing.

So far no league manager has attempted to "load up."

Fortune favors the game sport, as Shoulders and his crowd can testify. They bet liberally on Smethport when the score was four to nothing in favor of Eldred.

Mt. Jewett will be here to-morrow and a good game may be expected.

Turn out to-morrow and encourage the home team.

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Aug. 12, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Aug. 16, Eldred at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 19, Smethport at Port Allegany.
Aug. 22, Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.
Aug. 23, Eldred at Smethport.
Aug. 26, Port Allegany at Eldred.
Aug. 30, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 1, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Sept. 2, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Sept. 7, Port Allegany at Smethport.
Sept. 9, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Sept. 14, Eldred at Smethport.
Sept. 15, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.

Is She From Smethport?

A dispatch from Punxsutawney to the Bradford Sunday Herald says: Mrs. John McCullough of Smethport is reported in a serious condition from the effects of a pistol wound said to have been inflicted by her husband, who did the shooting during a scuffle in which the woman attempted to prevent him from taking his own own life. McCullough has disappeared.

McCullough and his mother were in Punxsutawney yesterday, it is said, for the purpose of negotiating a loan of $2,000 on property which belongs to the mother.

When they reached home McCullough is alleged to have ran into the house and attempted to kill himself. A neighbor and Mrs. McCullough interfered and in the scrimmage the revolver was discharged, it is claimed, the bullet striking Mrs. McCullough in the breast.

McCullough returned from St. Louis a few days ago. He is said to be wanted in Indiana for attempting to shoot a neighbor, William Wetzel, last February.

Teachers Appointed.

The school board met Tuesday evening to take action on the resignations tendered by Miss O'Connell and Miss Mosier, two teachers in the Smethport schools and transact other business.

The resignations of the two above named young ladies were accepted and Miss Foot, who had made application was elected to fill one of the positions and the other place was offered to Miss Lucile Hinman, but she has not as yet accepted the offer. Miss Hinman has also been elected assistant principal of the Austin schools and she is holding both offers under consideration. She is a first class teacher as well as an instructor in physical culture work, and we sincerely hope our school board will be successful in securing her services for the coming school year.

Sickness of Clement C. Boyd.

Deputy Treasurer Clement C. Boyd was taken alarmingly ill Saturday last, his complaint being diagnosed as appendicitis. He received medical treatment at his room in the Grand Central hotel and members of his family were summoned. On Tuesday it was decided to take Mr. Boyd to Buffalo, and accordingly he departed on the afternoon train accompanied by Dr. John Clark.

Yesterday morning the patient was successfully operated upon by Dr. Parks of Buffalo and reports last night were that his early and complete recovery may be expected. This is gratifying news to the whole county as Mr. Boyd is a very well known and well liked young man.

Rolland Coates Arrested.

Rolland Coates was arrested this week at Mt. Jewett on a warrant charging him with "jumping a board bill." The complaint was first made by Mrs. McAhon about a year ago, and the young man was not located until this week.

Coates was given a hearing before Justice Knapp yesterday, and being unable to procure bail was lodged in jail to await trial.

Escaped from Port Arthur.

Six Russian battleships, four cruisers and half of the torpedo boats are reported to have escaped from Port Arthur Tuesday night and a fight in open sea is expected. There has been some lively skirmishing during the past week but the big battle so much talked of is yet to be fought.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Smethport, April 5, 1875. Council met at the MINER office. On motion of A. B. Armstrong it was ordered, that for the month of April we pay the street commissioner $2 per day; laborers with tools, $1.75; team with tools $3.25 and that ten hours constitute a full day's work.

On motion it was ordered that the street commissioner shall at each regular meeting present the account for all work done during the preceding month.

On motion of H. L. Burlingame, seconded by B. C. Corwin it was resolved, that South street in Mechanicsburg, west of Daniel Forsyth's house be opened to Center street to the public on or before the first day of May next.

Robt. King was elected borough surveyor by a unanimous vote.

It was ordered on motion of Bigel and Williams that the owners of land adjoining the north end of the bridge across the race on Mechanic street be required to build a railing on the southeast side of the walk leading to the bridge on or before the first day of May.

Bonds of the treasurer and constable presented, approved and placed on file.

On motion of B. C. Corwin and H. F. Barbour, the following ordinance was passed unanimously by yeas and nays:

It is hereby ordained and enacted by the burgess and council of the borough of Smethport, that horses, mules colts, hogs, sheep and cattle shall not be permitted to run at large in the streets of the borough of Smethport, Provided, That from the 1st day of May to the 1st day of December, milch cows shall be permitted to run at large in said borough between the hours of 6 a. m. and 9 p. m. And all horses, mules, colts, hogs, sheep and cattle found running at large in violation of this ordinance shall be liable to be distrained and placed in the pound; and the poundmaster shall deliver them to their respective owners upon the payment of the sum of one dollar and the actual cost of keeping the same. But if no owner shall be found for the space of 48 hours, then it shall be the duty of the poundmaster to advertise the same, by three or more written or printed hand bills, to be sold on a certain day between six and ten days thereafter, and after deducting costs and charges the proceeds to be paid over to the borough treasurer to be held for the owner when called for. This ordinance to go into effect on the first day of May, 1875.

On motion Frank Vickery was elected poundmaster for the ensuing year.

Council adjourned. H. F. Barbour, Secretary.

On Sunday, April 4, 1875, at his residence in Muncie, Lenawee county, Mich., Benjamin Colegrove, aged 87 years, nine months and twenty-four days. The deceased was well and favorably known in this county for many years. He was one of the early (though not of the first) settlers in Norwich township. He held various offices of trust, while living at the above named place, in this county and township. Many will remember him as an officer of good judgment and determined will to do right. He removed to Michigan many years ago, where he has since resided.

We understand that the St. Elizabeth's Catholic church edifice of this place is soon to be furnished with a new bell. We are very glad if it's so; a bell is a more important addition to a church than is its steeple.

Eldred is the name of a new and thriving village on the line of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad, in McKean county. It has six steam saw mills, one water mill, six stores, two blacksmith shops, one harnessmaker, one tinsmith, one jeweler, one dentist, two physicians, one church, one school, one hotel and a postoffice.

The roads were in such terrible condition that it was impossible to drive a wagon through to Larabee for two or three days last week. Consequently the stages were necessarily withdrawn and the mail carried on horseback, a necessity which has not occurred for years. It reminded one of primitive times to see the mail carrier set out on horseback, and if the horse had been a mule and the rider one of our prominent legal gentlemen, the picture of an old-told scene of early times would have been truly vivid.

Messrs. J. P. Wendel and Jabez Beckwith have purchased a building lot of Robt. King, opposite his residence on Main street, and propose erecting a capacious store building thereon.

Wright-Genther.—At the residence of Mr. Otis Irons, April 21, 1875, by Rev. J. L. Rushbridge, Mr. Henry Wright and Miss Mary A. Genther, both of Keating township.

Patterson-Cleveland.—At the M. E. parsonage, Smethport, April 25, 1875, by Rev. J. L. Rushbridge, Mr. Leslie Patterson and Miss Clara A. Cleveland, both of Keating township.

Boyce-Burdick.—At the residence of the bride's mother in this place, Monday evening, April 26, 1875, by G. M. Smith J. P., Mr. Cyrus Boyce of Portville, N. Y., and Miss Laura Burdick.

At the Lyceum This Week.

The Dilger-Cornell company is the attraction at the Lyceum all this week and is certainly giving great satisfaction. The company is composed of real actresses and actors, who are also real ladies and gentlemen. They give a good clean show.

Monday evening the company opened with "The Princess of Patches," a comedy-drama dealing with life in the sunny South. It was pleasingly rendered as were also the numerous specialties. John Schaffer is a good singer. Fred Dilger sang some amusing songs and also made a hit in the part of "Waggles," the tramp. Margaret Johnson is a winsome little woman, a first-rate actress, who can also sing and dance. Monte Lewis in his female impersonations was very funny.

Tuesday evening's play "A True Kentuckian," pleased a large audience and new specialties were presented. Fred Dilger's rendition of "Navajo," caught the crowd. That song would never grow old if no one but Mr. Dilger would sing it. A large number of his admirers sincerely hope to hear it again before the company leaves Smethport.

Last night "Resurrection," a Russian drama with strong situations, was well handled by this capable company. Malba Palmer as "Katiouscha," was the favorite and portrayed her difficult part in a realistic manner. John Schaffer sang some new songs in his pleasing voice and Fred Dilger was entertaining. Monte Lewis' songs and imitations kept the audience in an uproar. He is a strong favorite in Smethport.

The show is drawing fairly good patronage, but not as good as it deserves, especially when the trifling prices are taken into consideration.

To-night the company presents "O'Moore's Courtship," a comedy that is guaranteed to please. Little Beatrice, the wonderful 5-year-old child, makes her first appearance in Smethport to-night.

To-morrow night the company presents "His Mother's Sin." Saturday afternoon "The Princess of Patches" will be repeated as a matinee performance. Saturday night the engagement closes with "Bubbie's Troubles." This week closes the summer season for the company and Dilger & Cornell, together with various members of the troupe, will remain in Smethport next week and recruit and rehearse for the fall and winter season.

Grange Meeting.

McKean County Pomona Grange No. 53 P. of H. held its regular meeting at Port Allegany, August 3. About 80 members were present. A class of 22 members was initiated in the 5th degree and a very interesting meeting was held. A resolution was adopted asking the State legislature to stop the sale of cigarettes, especially to boys.

A. E. Hackett had a bunch of alfalfa, a new kind of clover in this section which was sown June 8 and pulled Aug. 1, which measured 18 inches in length. Mr. Hackett and several of the members are very enthusiastic over this new clover. It is a very quick grower and should be sown broadcast at the rate of 35 lbs. of seed to the acre.

The date for holding the Grange picnic is Aug. 30, at Coryville. Although this picnic is under the auspices of the Grange and the department of agriculture, it is not necessarily a Grange picnic, but for everybody. Come and bring your friends and your lunch baskets and enjoy a day in the beautiful Coryville grove. Good music and good speakers will be in attendance. Everybody is invited.

A good literary program consisting of singing, reading and recitations was rendered under the management of the worthy lecturer, Mrs. Mary L. Howden.

About 5 o'clock the meeting closed and the members departed for their homes after much handshaking and good wishes.

The members of Port Allegany Grange are royal entertainers and received many compliments from their visitors.

The next meeting is to be held at Coryville, Oct. 5. There are now nine subordinate Granges in the county against six this time last year, nearly all of which were represented.

JAS. QUIRK, Secy.
Smethport, Pa.

The Firemen's Convention.

The Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association is holding its annual reunion in Warren this week. The big parade occurs to-day and the races take place to-morrow. It is reported that the meeting is drawing unusual crowds.

At the convention yesterday Eugene Peake of Bradford was elected president of the association and Bradford was selected as the meeting place for next year.

Buggies for Sale.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has one of the best displays of carriages, buggies and runabouts in his salesrooms ever shown in this section. The leader is the celebrated Waterloo variety, but he has other good makes for less money. Call and see his stock.

On and after August 15th we will discontinue the giving of trading stamps.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

When the Sun Grows Cold.

Scientists abroad, particularly in France and Germany, are greatly exercised over the discovery they claim to have made that the sun is losing its heat with extraordinary rapidity. Indeed, they believe that the temperature of the sun, instead of diminishing with infinite slowness as in the past, has within the last several years taken a decided drop.

Only by such a deduction are they enabled, they assert, to account for the low temperature which prevailed last summer, the rigor of last winter and the backwardness and unseemly coolness of the present season. Their conclusion is strengthened, they insist, by actual observations of the sun, the diameter of which has decreased in an unusual degree.

The importance of such a discovery is impressed upon the reader when such an eminent authority as Prof. Chas. L. Doolittle of the University of Pennsylvania, states that a reduction of only ten per cent. in the heat of the sun would drive every civilized human being out of Canada and Labrador. New England would then become the northern limit of habitation.

That the sun is gradually losing heat Prof. Doolittle asserts is beyond dispute. And he says it will continue to do so, driving the inhabitants of the world to the tropics, until only a little strip of land about the equator will be warm enough to sustain life. Even this strip will at last become uninhabitable and life will die out altogether.

The learned men who have given this matter their lifelong attention seem convinced that within the present decade the loss of heat from the sun has become perceptible to such a marked degree as to set their former estimations of its gradual cooling at naught.

However, as one very eminent authority estimates the time when life will become extinct on the earth at from four to five million years, there appears to be no immediate cause for worry.

Story from the South.

Bradford Era: Mrs. Nancy May was under sentence of imprisonment for killing Miss Alice Smith. She asked permisson to state her case to the Governor of Kentucky, and the request was granted. To the Governor she said:

"It is true, your honor, that I shot this woman. She had broken up my home. I was happy before she came. We had worked so hard to make a little home for ourselves. See my hands—I have rolled logs and ploughed and helped Will with the farm work because I loved him and wanted so badly to get along.

"I begged her not to do it and she laughed at me. I spent days and nights crying and praying. I stood it all and maybe I could have stood it yet if Will had not told me he was going to run away with her.

"I must have gone out of my mind then, for I just got the gun down and went and killed her. I know it was wrong, but I couldn't help it. I ask pardon for it your honor. I do not care for myself. I could bear it a thousand times over if it wasn't for my babies. What will the poor little things do without their mother? I would rather die than to have to leave them."

The woman broke down in a violent fit of weeping. For a while Acting Governor Thorne sat silent, as if thinking deeply. Then staring straight ahead, he said huskily: "You are pardoned. Go and sin no more."

The Governor was acting according to the unwritten law. Was his decision not a just one?

Blackman Babbles—2nd Edition.

Editor Blackman had his second spasm of babbling in his last issue, and he even is cruel enough to call the writer "Fat." This was a hard blow to us but when he referred to us as residing "in this section" our heart was broken and whose would not be when the horrible thought dawns upon one that some might infer that "in this section" means Port Allegany. Aside from personal flings his argument is this:

"If the gentleman will kindly locate the ball in play, as regards Croissant, the catcher, at home plate and Thompson, the runner from third base, then he may be able to convince some one that the writer is a terrible liar, but to do this he must get the ball at third base when the fact is it was back of the home plate."

As we have no idea what the learned editor of the Argus means or is trying to get at in this paragraph we will make no attempt to answer it.

The merits and demerits of the umpire's decisions in this game will soon be argued before a committee to be selected for the purpose and by this committee the matter will be decided, and there is very little question about who will be awarded the game.

Stenographers in Demand.

We teach the famous Gregg system. No better place to learn than at Westbrook Academy, Olean.

The most complete stock of carpenters tools to be found in the country at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Westbrook Academy, 23d year, Sept. 6

A GOLDEN LINK

By A. M. Davies Ogden

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

"Follow this path, ma'am, and you will find the house," explained the coachman as he drew up before the stately stone gates of Ellesmere Abbey. "Carriages are not permitted inside the grounds, but visitors on foot can walk through and view the lake and terraces."

The path, leaving the driveway, led between sturdy oaks, through whose branches the flickering sunlight fell in golden shadows—oaks that had stood for generations, the pride of the county. Mrs. Lincoln and her daughter walked slowly forward, exclaiming in delight at the grand old trees, until a sudden fork in the path caused them to halt in some perplexity.

"Although, as the caterpillar said, if you don't care where you are going, it cannot matter much which way you go," laughed Ethel Lincoln. "And both look attractive," she added. As they hesitated a young man, clad in knickerbockers and carrying a gun, came down one of the paths. Mrs. Lincoln looked relieved.

"Here is a gamekeeper, or poacher, or something," she said. "He can probably tell us which is the best way to go."

The man, who had stopped on seeing the two ladies, now came toward them, lifting his battered cap.

"Can I be of any service?" he inquired. His voice was prepossessing, and Mrs. Lincoln assented.

"We are anxious to see the house and the lake," she said. "Could you direct us how to reach them?"

"The right hand path will take you directly to the house," he answered civilly. "And the lake—the lake is a bit out of the way." He paused a moment, then went on, "I belong here, and if you would care to have me show you about!"—

Mrs. Lincoln smiled kindly.

"If you would be so good."

Ethel Lincoln, wandering somewhat behind the others, was enchanted with the place. The lovely mere, laden with heavy white lilies, the brilliant hued parterres, the cool green terraces, all evoked deep breaths of admiration.

"It is like a page from a novel," she declared. "I never imagined anything so romantic. It's—it's perfect," abandoning again search for suitable adjectives. The gamekeeper looked pleased.

"It is indeed a fine place, miss," he said. But Mrs. Lincoln glanced longingly at the house.

"How I would like to see the interior," she said. "Is it quite impossible?"

The man considered.

"It is not usually allowed," he answered. "But I will ask this gardener."

The gardener, when appealed to, looked up in surprise.

"Why—I don't know," he declared doubtfully. "You"—

"Don't you think they might make an exception this once?" interposed the gamekeeper hastily. The gardener, a faint twinkle creeping into his eye, nodded.

Mrs. Lincoln turned away.

[illegible] the rules, of course [illegible] just [illegible] years ago and she [illegible] have been glad to see her home."

"Indeed," said the gamekeeper respectfully, "you might have a chance next week then. Lady Ellerslie's son is giving a garden party on Thursday, and if you send a card to Lord Ellerslie I have no doubt that he would be glad to have an invitation sent you."

"Thank you, perhaps we may do so," said Mrs. Lincoln. "Will you be good enough to call my carriage now?"

As he turned and beckoned the coachman Ethel Lincoln sighed.

"How beautiful it all is," she exclaimed. "Really, I could marry Ellerslie just to live here." The gamekeeper, his [illegible] unmoved, stepped forward.

"May I help you in, madam?" he asked decorously.

Mrs. Lincoln, slipping her fingers into the tiny gold purse swinging at her wrist, pulled forth a coin and, without looking at it, held it toward the man. To her surprise, he flushed and drew back. But at sight of the look of unconscious dismay on the girl's face his half uttered protest died and he quietly accepted the money.

As they drove homeward Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"No wonder that man stared," she said. "These English coins are so much alike in size that instead of a shilling I gave him a sovereign. But how abnormal for any foreigner to hesitate at a tip. Shall we send Ellerslie a card, Kitten? I suppose he would hardly remember us, and it is many years since his mother died. Do you think it would be worth while?"

"I suppose not," agreed Ethel, not, however, without a secret twinge of disappointment.

But the next day, on returning from their drive, the innkeeper met them. In his hand was a letter and a card.

"His lordship was here this afternoon," he said, "and asked if you were the lady who had lost this locket," producing a small gold ornament. "If you were, I was to give you this letter."

"[illegible] must have dropped it yesterday," [illegible] Mrs. Lincoln in surprise, [illegible] open the envelope. It [illegible] of invitation and a [illegible] sheet of paper.

"[illegible] from the same [illegible] which was found yesterday I know you [illegible] when my mother [illegible] you. And your daughter [illegible] of coming to the garden [illegible] next Thursday and let [illegible] of renewing an old [illegible] faithfully yours,

"ELLERSLIE."

[illegible] afternoon Mrs. [illegible] drove under the [illegible] Ellerslie Abbey al[illegible] and lawns were dot[illegible] frocks and parasols [illegible] came the strains of a military band. Ethel's spirits rose.

"I feel that I am going to have a good time," she declared. "My new gown is becoming, my hat perfect, so cheer up, mumsie."

"Mrs. and Miss Lincoln," shouted the flunky, and into the great hall, paneled to the roof with oak and hung with the family portraits of three centuries, they passed. A gentleman turned from the nearest group of people and came forward. Tall, slim, frock coated, with a white flower in his buttonhole, there was yet no mistaking him. For a moment Mrs. Lincoln stared, then a slow smile curved her lips.

"So it was you—you all the time," she declared. "You were the gamekeeper." The man looked repentantly back.

"I really didn't mean to," he pleaded. "You see, I only expected to stop a moment and pass on. But then that seemed uncivil, and so"—

"And so you merely deceived us instead," laughed Mrs. Lincoln. "Ethel, dear, this is Ellerslie, bad as ever."

"No, no," he protested. "It was my cap that deceived you, not I. At first I hardly appreciated the situation, and then—it seemed too late. And I never hoped to see you again. But when you spoke of my mother I began to think who you might be, and of course the name on the locket settled it. Indeed, I was innocent."

Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"Certainly you took the tip badly enough."

"But I still have it," he asserted, "and always shall, if only as being the first money I ever earned."

As host Ellerslie's duties kept him busy through the afternoon, and it was not until the long shadows lay wide across the lawn that he was able to follow the direction in which his eyes had often strayed and join Ethel where she stood under a huge Japanese umbrella.

"I have been talking to chaperons until I am exhausted," he urged. "Do take pity on me and let us make an escape. Oh, no, it is not yet late," as the girl hesitated. "And there is the view of the mere that you have not yet seen," he added mischievously.

Ethel smiled and let him take her parasol from one of the group of men about her.

"Don't keep her too long, Ellerslie," said one in rather an injured tone.

Ellerslie shook his head. "I cannot promise. Miss Lincoln and I have much to discuss," he laughed.

But as they paused on a little rustic bridge commanding a view of lake and woods stretching away to the red sunlit sky Ellerslie seemed to have suddenly lost the desire to talk. When finally he turned to her there was an odd little glint in his eye.

"Well," he said, "do you like it?" waving his hand toward the picturesque reach of wood and water.

"Indeed I do," she answered earnestly. The glint in his eye deepened.

"Then you are prepared to keep your word?"

"My word?" demanded the girl, startled.

"That you would marry Ellerslie to get all this." He pulled a coin from his pocket and gazed meditatively at it. "This precious coin—I fell in love with a girl when it was given to me. Wasn't it an odd thing to do? But I am so delighted with the fact that I [illegible] to have this bit of gold made [illegible] I know of, and [illegible] Shall I? Do [illegible]

[illegible] he spoke jestingly, there was an undercurrent of seriousness in his tone which the girl was quick to catch. For a moment a new, strange shyness kept her silent, then she spoke.

"Of course I am hardly competent to advise on such a subject," she began demurely, "but," with a swift upward glance that [illegible] bewildering possibilities, "there could certainly be no harm in having the ring inside."

It was several years before Ellerslie admitted to his wife that as Mrs. Lincoln had dropped him the coin she had dropped the locket and that he, willfully and deliberately, had concealed it. To his astonishment, however, Lady Ellerslie only laughed.

Did His Best.

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Chronicle was detailed to "write up" a wedding. "I'll do the best I can," he said, "but I feel sure I shall make a botch of it." This is what he turned in, omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the audience and the delay in beginning the performance:

Mr. Burnside, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice.

Miss Jones, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticise, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

It must be confessed that both Miss Jones and Mr. Burnside were deficient in their lines and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Jabez Simpson, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance.

Soldiers' Superstitions.

Among the numerous superstitions of the Cossacks there is none stronger than the belief that they will enter heaven in a better state if they are personally clean at the time they are killed. Consequently before an expected battle they perform their toilets with scrupulous care, dress themselves in clean garments and put on the best they have. This superstition is not confined to the Cossacks alone, but is widely prevalent in all branches of the Russian army.

Making It Show.

[illegible]—How did Maud [illegible] to get her left hand so [illegible]? [illegible]—That's the hand she wears her engagement ring on.

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

Modern Conditions Killing the Siesta Habit In Mexico.

There are people in Mexico City who take their afternoon nap every day, and are greatly benefited thereby, but their number appears to be growing less year by year. Whether the siesta is beneficial or not, or whether in this high altitude it is a necessity for many persons, as is claimed by some, its death knell as a general custom seems to have been sounded since the city adopted its modern enterprise and push. Many old residents will tell you of the time when a person in the city of Mexico would have been considered almost crazy if he neglected his afternoon rest, but gradually, with the advent of the railways, the street cars and the electric lights, came the inevitable sleeplessness which is one of the most noticeable characteristics of modern civilization.

There are several supporters of the siesta idea in this city who express regret that the custom appears to be passing away. These persons, who are themselves devotees of the practice, claim that it is a healthful and nerve restoring habit and that if it were indulged in systematically by the people of the United States and other progressive countries there would be fewer cases of nervous wrecks for the newspapers to report. "Early rising and a short nap after dinner" is what these people advocate, claiming that the best work of most persons is performed in the morning.—Mexican Herald.

FIRST USE OF TEA.

An Ancient Legend Ascribes It to a King of China.

By whom or when the use of tea for drinking purposes was first discovered is lost in antiquity. It is spoken of as a famous herb in Chinese literature as far back as 2,000 years B. C., at which time its cultivation and classification were almost as thorough and complete as they are today. One of the ancient legends says that its virtues were accidentally learned by King Shen Nung Shi, the Chinese monarch who is also known as "the divine husbandman," who, the record says, flourished forty centuries ago. He was engaged in boiling water over a fire made of the branches of the tea plant and carelessly allowed some of the leaves to fall into the pot.

The liquid which he expected to come from the vessel simply as sterilized water was miraculously converted into an elixir of life by the accidental addition of the tea leaves. Soon after it became highly esteemed in all the oriental cities and was used as a royal gift from the Chinese monarchs to the potentates of southern and western Asia.

This same King Shen Nung Shi not only earned the title of respect by which he was known through the discovery of the virtues of tea, but because of being the first to teach his people how to make and use plows and many other implements of husbandry.

Emerson on Lincoln.

The president impressed me more favorably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good, clear statement of his fact, correct enough, not vulgar, as described, but with a [illegible] boyish [illegible] or that kind of [illegible] our class [illegible] days [illegible] over. When he has made his [illegible] he looks up at you with great [illegible] and shows all his white teeth and laughs. [illegible] whole [illegible] Wilder, point by point, and added that he was not quite satisfied yet, and meant to refresh his memory by looking again at the evidence. All this showed a fidelity and conscientiousness very honorable to him. When I was introduced to him he said: "Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners, 'Here am I; if you don't like me, the worse for you.'"—Diary of R. W. Emerson in Atlantic.

In Old Stagecoach Days.

There used to be rate wars in the old stagecoach days in England. At one time, early last century, one stage coach company not only cut the price from Lewes to London to a very low rate, but gave [illegible] other inducements. As the coach started from Lewes at a somewhat uncomfortably early hour in the morning, by way of tiding over the difficulty the proprietors allowed the more slothful of their passengers to go overnight to Brighton, where they were accommodated with good beds free of expense and could proceed comfortably to London by the company's morning coach.

Of Two Evils Choose the Least.

Doctor—If you are to recover, you must spend the next three months in traveling. Patient—But I can't afford it, doctor. Doctor—Very well, stay at home if you must, and I will visit you daily. Patient—Never mind, doctor; I think I will travel after all.

An Expensive Wedding.

"The bride nearly fainted during the ceremony and had to be supported by her father until it was over."

"Yes, and now I hear her father is supporting both of them."

Fooling His Stomach.

Landlady—You did not wear glasses when you first came here. Why do you wear them now? Boarder—I want to make the food look as large as possible.

[illegible]—Philadelphia Ledger.

Absolutely Harmless: Cures on the Spot

BROMO-PEPSIN

"Note the Word Pepsin."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

ANXIETY.

Effects of This Form of Mental and Physical Derangement.

In a paper read before the congress of French alienists at Grenoble Dr. Gaston Lalanne pointed out that anxiety is a disturbance which is expressed by the entire being. The exciting causes are sometimes physical and sometimes psychical, and the symptoms manifested are both physical and mental. The physical symptoms comprise cold feelings and chills of the scalp and body, general lassitude, inco-ordination of voluntary movements far more apparent than real, emotional coloring of speech, and vertigo, which is dependent upon vasomotor cerebral disturbances or upon digestive troubles. In the anxious states there are always circulatory troubles, such as accelerated heart beat, irregularity of the heart's action, heightened arterial tension and coldness of the extremities. Respiratory disturbances are also present.

The psychical symptoms of anxiety include various degrees of vague dread and apprehensiveness, often taking definite forms, in which case they are designated as "phobias" or "obsessions of fear," weakening the capacity of attention and of memory, and a tendency to confusion of ideas. Hallucinations of the senses are prone to occur.

COMEDIAN SAM VALE.

He Was the Original of Sam Weller of Pickwick Fame.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam Vale, an English low comedian, who in the early part of the last century was quite popular in the south of England. In the year 1811 and for a few years after, he made quite a reputation in the musical farce called "The Boarding House," written by Beasley. In this he played the part of Simon Spatterdash, a person who indulged in odd and whimsical sayings. "Come on, as the old man said to the tight boot;" "I am down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle;" "Let every one take care of himself, as the donkey said when dancing among the chickens," are fair illustrations of his witticisms. In the course of that play the resemblance between them and some of the sayings of Sam Weller being very marked. In private life Vale was a wit, and many good things in his own time were credited to him. A man of excellent temper, he had no enemies, and the good humor which pervaded every saying, together with the drollery of his manner, gave his witticisms unusual value. His sayings were called Sam Valeisms, and on the appearance of Pickwick in 1836 the character of Weller was generally recognized as a portraiture of Vale. The comedian died in 1845 at the age of fifty-one.

Charity.

President of the Girls' [illegible]—Girls, we have [illegible] in the treasury. How shall we [illegible]? [illegible] let's [illegible]

[illegible]

A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Cured by Cal-cura Solvent, the Great New Medicine, After Other Treatment Had Failed.

Write for a Small Free Bottle.

Mr. Martin Montgomery, of Silvara, Pa., formerly of Roxbury, N. Y., writing to Dr. David Kennedy, of Kennedy Row, said:

"Your new medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, is wonderful. It cured me of liver and kidney troubles, and rheumatism, after a lot of weary dosing with things that did no good. It is a record breaker and no mistake."

As in Mr. Montgomery's case, rheumatism is often, indeed almost always, complicated with kidney and liver trouble. It is because Cal-cura Solvent acts on the kidneys and liver and at the same time expels uric acid from the blood, that it is such a reliable remedy for rheumatism and the attendant disorders. It cures by removing the cause, therefore the cure is permanent, safe and sure.

Remember, Calcura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N. Y. Large bottles $1.00 (*only one size*) all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

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SURPLUS	$45,000.00

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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

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[illegible]

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Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner,

We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

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Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS
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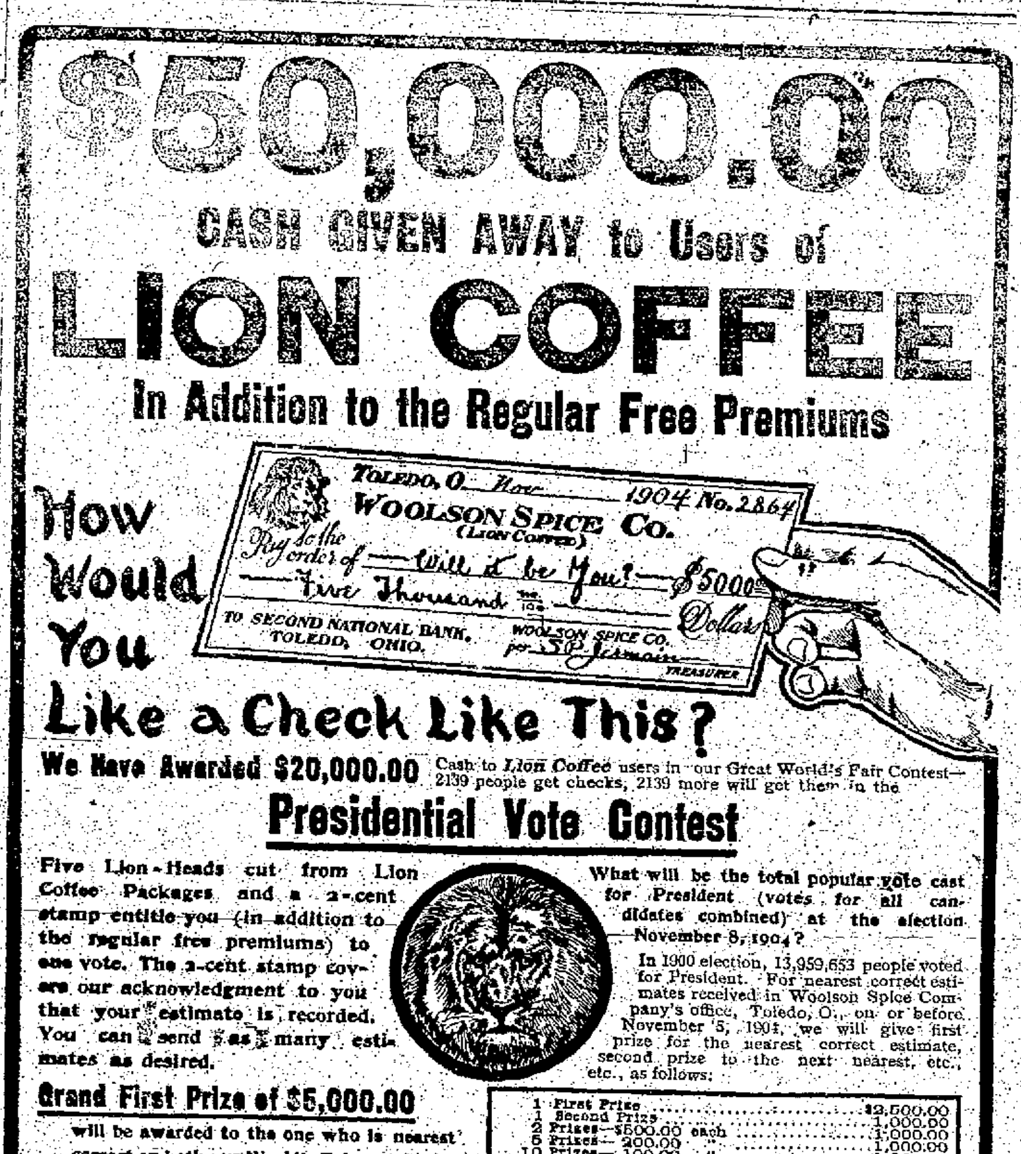
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly [illegible]ark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.



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WOOLSON SPICE CO. (LION COFFEE)
Pay to the order of — Will it be You? — $5000.00
Five Thousand 00/100 Dollars
TO SECOND NATIONAL BANK, TOLEDO, OHIO.
WOOLSON SPICE CO. per S. P. Jermain
TREASURER

We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1 First Prize		$2,500.00
1 Second Prize		1,000.00
2 Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5 Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10 Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20 Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50 Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250 Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800 Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139 PRIZES	TOTAL	$20,000.00

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer [illegible] Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. [illegible]

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

[illegible] LION COFFEE [illegible] there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we [illegible] we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. [illegible] Lion Heads

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

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WOOLSON SPICE CO. (CONTEST DEPT.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

STARVED OUT.

Many a garrison has been forced to give up the fight and hang out the white flag of surrender, when lack of food has weakened the men past all power to continue the struggle.

Many a man is similarly starved out of business. His digestion is impaired. His food does not nourish him, and for lack of strength to carry on the struggle he turns his store over to another.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores strength to weak, nervous, run-down men and women.

"About ten years ago I began to be afflicted with stomach trouble, also diarrhea," writes Mr. Wm. Walters, of Antrim, Mo. "In warm weather it grew worse, until it would throw me into a cramping chill. Was troubled so often that I sometimes thought my end had come. Tried many remedies, but they gave only temporary relief. In November, 1899, thought I would try Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I got six bottles and took five in succession, then thought I would wait for a time and take the one left. Soon found I had symptoms of the trouble coming back, so took the sixth bottle and it cured me. I have enjoyed the best of health this summer, and the credit all belongs to your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I can't express my many thanks to Dr. Pierce for his remedy, for it did so much for me. Words cannot express how severely I suffered.

"If any doubt the above statement let them address me, and I will take great pleasure in answering."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

THE BIG STORE

Will offer for the next 30 days special bargains in Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Window Screens, Haying Tools, Mason and Royal Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Hot Plates and Ovens, a full line of Hardware, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Cutlery, etc., at prices below competition.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

YELLOW TRADING STAMPS

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 11, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Attend the ball game Friday afternoon.

—Present indications are that Olean and Buffalo will be connected by trolley before winter.

—Mr. Thomas Todd and Miss Maude Valentine, both of Port Allegany, were united in marriage at that place on Wednesday of last week.

—The junior baseball team of Port Allegany gave the league team of that place quite a run for their money one day last week. The score was 12 to 7 in favor of the leaguers.

—One hundred and eighteen marriage licenses have been granted in McKean county during the past seven months, as against one hundred and thirty-six in the same time last year.

—The engagement has been announced of Mr. Bruce Matson, son of Senator and Mrs. Myron Matson of Congress street, to Miss Ella Walker of Rew City. The marriage will be solemnized in September.—Bradford Era.

—Fire did $400,000 damage in the five-story building at 251-257 Main street, Buffalo, on Monday. It was next door to the Academy of Music, where a play was in progress, and the crowd was marched out without any serious accident.

—I heard a good story the other day about a matrimonial agency. An elderly man had three daughters who rule him with a rod of iron. Weary of their tyranny, he advertised in a paper for a wife. Next day he received three replies—one from each of the daughters. —Ex.

—Emil Thamm of this place has been granted an original pension of $6 per month. His application was filed through the agency of E. R. Sherman of Bradford on June 25 and was granted July 21, twenty-six days from date of application. No medical examination was necessary.

—On account of the triennial conclave, Knights Templar, and Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco, Cal., August 15 to September 9, good to return until October 23, at reduced rates. For particulars regarding specific rates, routes and stop-over privileges consult ticket agents.

Coined Names.

Carrasaljo, the name of a New Jersey lake, has a Spanish sound, but it comes from a combination of the names of the three daughters of the man who named the lake—Carrie, Sallie and Josephine. Buroda, Wash., was named from three settlers—Buckley, Coloton and Davis; Kenova, W. Va., from Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia, near the intersection of which the town is; Delmar, Del., from Delaware and Maryland; Texarkana, Ark., from Texas and Arkansas, and Cynthiana, county seat of Harrison county, Ky., is named for the two daughters, Cynthia and Anna, of Colonel Harrison, for whom the county was named. Nebraska has a town called Ohiowa, the derivation of which is easily seen.

The Modern Plow.

Thomas Jefferson invented the modern plow. There were plows, of course, thousands of years before the time of the Sage of Monticello, but he first laid down the mathematical principles that underlie the construction of the plow and so enabled any blacksmith to make one. A plow consists of two wedges, a cutting and a lifting wedge, and Jefferson discovered and enunciated the proportions of each and the relations each bore to the other. Before his day no two smiths made plows alike. Now they are all made in accordance with a mathematical formula.

Got His Dose Later.

Mr. Courtney (flatteringly)—I had the blues awfully when I came here tonight, Miss Fisher, but they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine. Miss Fisher's Little Brother—Yes; father himself says she'll be a drug on the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon.

Important Query.

Impatient Young Man—Nellie, how is our romance—yours and mine—going to end? Nellie (suddenly apprehensive)—Why, Geoffrey, you don't want to skip to the last chapter yet, do you?—Bangor News.

On Matrimonial Seas.

"Is she the captain of the family ship?"

"Oh, yes; he is her second or third mate, I understand."—Puck.

The Other Way.

Inquiring Bore—And do you come down the same way you go up, Mr. Sandbag? Balloonist—No, sir; I try to come down feet first.

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is true, but sometimes it takes a long time to pick out the best man.—Atchison Globe.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Athletics and Work.

Athletics are nothing but a spurious substitute for the manual and bodily labor which our athletic amateurs are forbidden to perform by the laziness, greed, snobbery and rapacity of their class. I could keep myself in perfectly good condition and temper if I might do a couple of hours' work every day as a navvy without "doing a poor man out of his job." As it is, I have to weary myself and waste my energy in bicycling and walking to places where I have no business, over roads which I have tramped until I am tired of them. I have to drudge through "exercises" to keep myself from becoming a human pig. I have even pulled at india rubber ropes until I could not bear the revolting absurdity of it, even without an audience to laugh at me. The whole business is too sickening for public discussion. Half the population lives miserably and breaks down prematurely from excess of bodily toil. The other half does the same, because there is no bodily work left for it to do. That is what is called civilization.—George Bernard Shaw in London News.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

Beautiful she may not have been, though M. de Brantome would never allow it; but fine, fine she was all over—sharply, exquisitely cut and modeled; her sweet smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose, her broad, high brows, her neck which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child. And then her hands, her waist no bigger than a stalk, her little feet! She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise look—the look of the Queen of Desire, who knew not where to set the bounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that was. And belying that look askance of hers—sly or wise or sleepy, as you choose—her voice was bold and very clear; her manners were those of a lively, graceful boy, her gestures quick, her spirit impatient and entirely without fear. At this hour she was nineteen years old and not two months a widow.—From "The Queen's Quaire."

A Story of Webster.

On one occasion Daniel Webster was on his way to Washington and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of Telon look, which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the senator. "I endeavored to tranquillize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partly succeeded when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, a proper scene for murder or outrage, and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me and with a gruff voice inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was: 'To Washington. I am a senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed: 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman!'"

Facts About Oranges.

The riper an orange gets the more yellow it becomes. A dealer's test for a perfect orange is to press it as you would a hard rubber ball. If you can make a slight indentation by pressing hard, but the pulp remains firm enough to rebound, the orange is all right.

Russet oranges are rich, but liable to spoil. When buying oranges by the box (and this is the best plan where you use a good many) get a repacked box instead of an original one. Thin skinned, bright colored oranges are the best. While the California, Florida and Arizona fruit are altogether the best for eating out of hand or on the table, the foreign oranges, Messina or Sicily, are considered best for marmalade.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Rome and Beards.

The usage at Rome in the matter of beards has changed several times over. In the ninth century the censure of the Greek church was passed on that of Rome because the priests there refused to shave. The exact contrary is now the general rule in both churches. When Pope Julius II. ascended the papal throne in 1503 he intimated that he would allow his beard to grow "in order to inspire greater respect among the faithful."—St. James' Gazette.

Genuine Imitation.

"Well, I made the sale, all right," said the new salesman.

"But you lied to her," protested the proprietor. "You told her they were genuine Irish laces."

"No, I didn't. She simply said she didn't want any 'bogus imitations,' and I assured her ours were genuine."—Philadelphia Press.

His Secret.

Raphael was explaining his fame.

"It was easy," he confessed. "I simply told every woman on the block that I had painted my Cherubs from hers."

Bitterly he regretted he had wasted his talents on art instead of shining in politics.—Harper's Bazar.

Killing and Curing.

The man who invented the rapid fire gun won fame, but the man who discovered anaesthesia died neglected. It is more profitable to kill than to cure.—Montgomery Advertiser.

Something Wrong.

Little Jimmy—Pa, can any one see through glass? Pa—Certainly, my son. Little Jimmy—Then what's the reason Uncle John can't see through his glass eye?

It Would Answer.

Rose—I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door. Fleming—If the wolf is anything of an art critic it will do it.—Smart Set.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

One of the oldest and best Colleges in the country. Good traditions. Strong faculty. Healthful and attractive situation, beautifully wooded campus. Commodious buildings. Adequate equipment. Five courses of study. Over fifty Elective courses offered. Only Phi Beta Kappa College in Western Pennsylvania. Moral and religious tone healthful and wholesome. Expenses unusually moderate. Help for needy students with good brains. Fall term opens September 20. Write President William H. Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

An Age of Coarseness.

It is an age of coarse effects, an age of advertisement. A poet could not conscientiously sing now about a rose left to bloom unseen, for excursion trains would be sure to be arranged there at reduced rates. It is a confidential age, and we demand a confidant as much as a matter of course as the heroine of the old fashioned Italian opera—in fact, we demand the undivided attention of the whole world. We sing our songs and listen greedily for the applause of the gallery; we meet with domestic misfortune, and we weep on the bosom of the divorce court, and the daily papers weep with us. We do not do good by stealth, but rather in such a way that we get a baronetcy or a decoration. So when you see a man all tinkly with little stars and things you will know that he is always a very great and charitable man indeed, and charity is not only alms bestowed on the poor. It is the beauty of charity that it is not bigoted.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Shakespeare's Cats.

Shakespeare makes frequent references to the cat in his plays. Lady Macbeth taunts her husband when he hangs back from the murder with

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage,

alluding to that animal's fondness for fish—"What cat's averse to fish?"—but its unwillingness to wet its feet in catching them.

Falstaff seizes upon another feature of the animal's character, so detested by all wakeful sleepers in towns: "'Sblood! I am as melancholy as a gib cat!" When Mercutio longs for a fray with Tybalt, he accosts him: "Good king of cats, I would have nothing but one of your nine lives. That I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry beat the rest of the eight," and thereupon receives that celebrated "scratch" which was "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door."

How the Smoker Polishes His Pipe.

"One of the fads of the dyed in the wool pipe smoker is to have a dazzling polish on his pipe, and it's curious how he puts the gloss on," said a tobacco dealer.

"Watch a veteran pipe smoker closely and you see him occasionally rub the bowl of his pipe against his face, usually on each side of his nose. That's how he puts the polish on. The heat of the brier and the oil of the skin against which it is rubbed work up a rich gloss. A smoker's favorite pipe, you will find, has the sheen of rosewood. It takes months of rubbing to work up a looking glass polish, and the longer the practice is indulged in the more shiny the pipe becomes. I don't know who originated the idea, but all old smokers are on to it, and the pride they take in their polished pipes is amazing."—Philadelphia Record.

The Bell With the Wail of a Child.

A queerly shaped gong which occupies a position of honor in the center of the city of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world and is called "the bell with the wail of a child in its voice." When first cast the bell sounded with a harsh and cracked note, and the superstitious emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab and finally stated that the bell would never sound right until a live child was given to it. The mass was then melted again, and a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wail of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the bell was tolled, and today the Koreans still claim that the wail of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.

Cheese.

The digestibility of cheese is an ever vexed and disputed question. A clever scientist asserts that it requires twice as long to digest as ordinary food. It consists largely of casein, which is both nourishing and digestible; but this point is enveloped, as it were, in fat, which is not soluble by gastric juice; hence, if the gastric juice does not digest the fat, neither can it readily digest the casein. Cheese should be eaten in small quantities, with a large quantity of bread or similar food, and must be thoroughly masticated.

Insufficient Cause.

"There, mamma, I don't believe that your friend, Mrs. Newly, was to the manner born."

"Hush, dear. She's worth three millions in her own right."

"That's hardly enough to justify a woman in trying to eat soft boiled eggs with a fork."—Detroit Free Press.

Tough Flour.

Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to complain of that flour you sent me. Baker—What was the matter with it? Mrs. Youngbride—It was tough. I made some pastry with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it.

The Greater Blessing.

Jawkins—Ah, my boy, it's a fine thing to have a friend whom you can trust.

Pawkins—It's a jolly sight better to have one who will trust you, old man.—Ally Sloper.

Under the Earth.

Doctor—No; I shall not pay you. You have spoiled the pavement and then covered it up with earth to hide your bad work. Paver—Doctor, mine is not the only bad work the earth hides.

Her Secrets.

He—Can you keep a secret. She—Yes, on one condition. He—What is that? She (frankly)—Provided I don't know it.

NELSON & BEARIKLE.

The New Livery and Sales Stable,

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

A Trick of the Trade.

Residents of a certain block which boasts a long sustained respectability were astonished recently to see the basement of a brownstone house converted into a blacksmith shop. The block beheld with dismay, which grew when it saw the bold signs which the proprietor put upon his walls. Presently a tailor's shop was opened on the block. This was the final stroke. Property began to exchange owners, and furniture vans were busy for a time. Then the blacksmith shop and the tailor's store suddenly vanished. What had happened? Nothing more than that some designing real estate dealers had attained their ends. They had bought a few houses and had purposely set about depreciating the value of the adjoining property so that they could get it at bargain rates. The blacksmith and the tailor were allured by the bait of cheap rents in the houses which the dealers had bought, and perhaps there was a secret understanding by which the newcomers in business were to make themselves as obnoxious as possible to the residents.—New York Post.

Reconciliation That Failed.

James VI. of Scotland—afterward James I. of England—in 1587, being much perturbed by the constant quarrels among his nobles, determined to end all disputes by a summary process of reconciliation. Accordingly, having assembled the nobles on Sunday, May 14, at Holyrood, in the lodging of Sir James Maitland of Thirlstane, he drank to them and caused them all to shake hands. On the following day, after banqueting them in Holyrood, he caused the earls of Angus, Montrose, Mar and Glencairn, also the master of Glammis and many others—all deadly enemies to one another—to march hand in hand two abreast from the abbey to Holyrood along the Canongate and High street of Edinburgh to the town cross, where the provost and baillies had a table spread with wines and sweetmeats. Here the company once more drank to their eternal amity and separated. But a few weeks later they were lying in wait, as of old, to kill one another.

A Sequence of Titles.

A German periodical states that a very strange but none the less true fact is that the predecessor of the late Queen Victoria of England was at one and the same time William I., II., III. and IV. He was William I. of Hanover, William II. of Ireland, William III. of Scotland and William IV. of England.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn,
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash and [illegible] Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill [illegible]

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce. We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.

You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.
Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A [illegible] LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

[illegible] IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

A [illegible] just received. Now is the time [illegible] Remember our stock of [illegible] the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport.

Specht & Sasse.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 4, 1904.

THE work of building the sea wall around the city of Galveston, Texas, has been completed at a cost of $15,000,000.

GEORGE G. VEST, ex-Senator from Missouri, died Tuesday morning of general debility, aged 74 years. Mr. Vest was one of the leading Democrats of this country.

MEAT cutters, numbering 8,500, went out on strike in New York yesterday. The strike was called because the western meat barons were using eastern slaughter houses.

AN excursion train bound for St. Louis went through a bridge near Pueblo, Col., on Monday in which over 100 people lost their lives. The smoking and chair cars pitched into the swollen stream and most of the people were drowned. So far 76 bodies have been found.

ALTON B. PARKER is no longer Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York. He handed in his resignation last Friday and from now on he will devote his time in attempting to convince the people that he is the right man to fill the President's chair for the next four years.

THE Democratic party in this county is having a hard time finding a ticket that will stand. Hon. Geo. C. Fagnan of Bradford, who was nominated last week by the committee for county treasurer, has withdrawn his name and it is reported that E. M. McDermott of Kane who was selected as a legislative candidate has asked that his name be removed from the ticket. It begins to look as though the committee would have to jump into the breach themselves or go without a ticket this fall.

MR. BRYAN refuses to rush into print with predictions on the outcome of the Presidential election. While stopping in Cincinnati between trains on Saturday last he stated to an interviewer that he is unable to foretell the States which will cast their electorial votes for Parker and Davis, candidly adding: "You know that twice in my life I was pretty certain that the Democracy would win and undertook predictions of victory. You are acquainted with the outcome." Some of the newer politicians of both parties would do well to emulate the caution which experience suggests, when campaign figures are requested. The sentiment of the country is with the Republican party and the national administration, but only the freshness of inexperience will prompt the publication of exact figures three months before the election.

THERE does not appear to be much anxiety or agitation of any kind about a Democratic candidate for Congress in this district. We cannot quite think that the leaders of that party intend to let Mr. Dresser have the election without opposition, but that may be the program. It would be as well, for there is nothing more in a contest for Congress this time to than arouse a little local enthusiasm. The Democrats will not nominate a McKean county man, but by giving the nomination to some other county of the district they would create a hurrah in the village where the candidate resides. Beyond that the conditions would remain very much as though Mr. Dresser had no opposition. Not that he will get the votes of all the Democrats, but because it is generally recognized that he cannot be defeated. He has made a good record, been admirable, both in private life and in the capacity of a public official. He is not mixed up in any political entanglements and whatever success he has achieved he has won himself. He is under contract to nobody for what he has attained.—DuBois Courier.

Seibert Says Something.

In a communication published in the Bradford Record, L. B. Seibert, formerly chairman of the Democratic County Committee of Potter county, pays his respects to the recent St. Louis convention as follows:

"To me it is of no consequence what others may do. My conscience is my own; my duty is plain. In my judgment the two contending forces within the Democratic party have come to the parting of the ways. Along both of these pathways I am unable to travel with any degree of safety, success or self-respect. Neither shall I undertake it. To others of a more acrobatic turn of mind this might be possible, and, indeed, may meet with a certain degree of transitory success.

"The heritage of Jackson, no longer the mecca of Democratic hosts, is to be displaced by a memorial to Shylock, erected at the gateway of the Temple of Democracy, over which might, indeed, well be inscribed: 'He who enters here leaves hope behind.'

"From Buzzard's Bay to Wolfert's Roost, from Wall street to Lombard street, is sounded and echoed and re-echoed this slogan of the present campaign: 'Another Cleveland; another administration like that of from 1892 to 1896; more soup houses; more bond issues; more forced idleness—less honest toil; more money in the public jackpot—less bread for the hungry millions; more Coxey's armies—less public improvement; more 'keep off the grass'—less comfort for God's poor; more smokeless smokestacks; more tramps; more troops for Chicago rioters—less liberty for the American workman; more governments by injunction—less jury trials; more banks—less money for the people; more business stagnation—less enterprise; more sheriff's sales; more poor houses.'

"From a repetition of this awful condition of things, I turn, as I would from the wrath of God. It does not interest me; it appalls. It does not satisfy; it augers me.

"The men in the Democratic saddle are good riders, but bad reinsmen. They would ride the Democratic horse off Belmont's race track.

"Such conduct, such conditions, such leadership, are said to be by the action of the St. Louis convention, 'safe, sane and conservative.' The St. Louis convention was absolutely controlled and influenced by interest hostile to every tenet of Democracy. They, who deserted the party in 1896 and 1900, were made masters of the situation.

"The only trust, I believe, forgotten or ignored by that convention, was the trust in God, as evidenced by the hooting and shouting during the prayer of the chaplain.

"They, whose intrigue was indirectly the cause of the assassin's blow that killed Governor Goebel of Kentucky, were the loudest advocates of the 'safe, sane and conservative Democracy.' They, who cheered Hobson, that 'Jack Ashore,' when he eulogized Grover Cleveland for sending United States troops to Chicago to shoot down strikers are not Democrats; at least, not my kind of Democrats.

"It was but natural that a convention controlled by such influences, made drunken by contributions from the Louisville & Nashville, the Standard Oil, the Sugar trust, and kindred interests, could *not give birth to a legitimate* standard-bearer of true Democracy; but in keeping with the natural order of things a candidate with the cunning of a clam was brought into political existence by Senator Hill.

"The Sheehans, Belmonts and McCarrens immediately became his trusted friends and advisers. His name was presented to the convention and he was nominated.

"Though suffering with political lockjaw, this 'human interrogation point' found time to speak. After the mischief had been done he informed Mr. Sheehan of that which Mr. Sheehan well knew before the nomination, that he, Parker, would repudiate the conditions upon which the nomination had been effected.

"This message of repudiation and dishonor-containing information withheld from the public, though imparted to his backers, will never be forgot by more than seven million heretofore loyal Democrats, and brands Mr. Parker as a cheap and unworthy trickster, not fit to fill the position of chief magistrate of this nation, a fit associate for the Sheehans, Belmonts and McCarrens, a brace of gentlemen with unsavory political records, race track gamblers and hucksters, tainted with all that is bad, clothed with nothing that is good.

"In conclusion, permit me to add that the 'safe, sane and conservative' have separated themselves socially, politically and, thank God, morally, from the unsafe, unsound and non-conservative following of Mr. Bryan. Lunatic regularity, it would seem, must be both unsatisfactory and undesirable to the 'safe and sane.'

"For these and many other reasons which I hope to make entirely plain to you before November next, I cannot and will not vote for Alton B. Parker, agreeing with many of my associates that the initials of his name stand for A Bad Proposition."

Reduced Rates to the Seashore.

Pennsylvania Railroad low-rate fifteen day excursions for the present season from Erie, Rouseville, Corry, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Olean, Rochester, Bradford, Tionesta, Warren, Clermont, DuBois and principal intermediate stations to Renovo, inclusive, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City, N. J., will be run on August 15 and 25.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within fifteen days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets from Erie, Rouseville, Tionesta, Summerdale, Ludlow and intermediate stations will be good going only on train No. 4, leaving Erie at 5:25 p. m., and connecting trains therewith. Tickets from other points good going on all regular trains.

Train leaving Buffalo at 9 a. m. will be run through to Atlantic City.

Stop over can be had at Philadelphia either going or returning.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult handbills, apply to ticket agents, E. S. Harrar, division ticket agent, Williamsport, Pa., or B. P. Fraser, passenger agent, Buffalo division, 307 Main St., Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

Telegraphy $50.

A four months' course in telegraphy only $50 at Westbrook Academy, Olean.

IN the Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean:

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on Tuesday, the 30th day of August, at 2 o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as council may be heard, under the "Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and its supplements, by W. F. Burr, Stella Burr, J. S. Brown, W. A. Young and J. D. Burr, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Oak Hill Cemetery Association, the character and object of which is for the purpose of creating and maintaining a fund for the perpetual care of Oak Hill cemetery of Eldred, Pa., and the buying, selling and holding of land for cemetery purposes, and for this to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

J. R. HADSHNEY,
Solicitor.

Hoot Woman!

Do ye noo ken the profits on your groceries will gie ye muckle glass and siller?

Such was the way that a Scotch grocer, who handles

C. R. Maltby Co.'s
Signature Brand Groceries

explained their value to one of his customers. Every package of tea, coffee, flour, fruit and other groceries which you buy with the signature of the C. R. Maltby Co. on it is worth money to you.

Ask your grocer for

Signature BRAND

every time you buy goods. Save your signatures—get our splendid premium catalogue showing cut-glass, china, furniture, etc., all of the finest quality which *you* can have free as part of your co-operative buying.

C. R. MALTBY CO., CORNING, N. Y.

For Sale by Ga[illegible] Smethport and G. W. King, East Smethport.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The [illegible] Clothing Store

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

Rochester Business Institute

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES.

Young people fitted and placed in Business Positions.
More positions to fill than candidates to recommend.
New 1904-'05 Catalogue ready.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE CLARION
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers—Prepares Young People for College—Offers excellent Facilities for General Education. FREE Tuition for Prospective Teachers. Board, Room Rent and Laundry for School Year, 43 weeks; $127.00; for Fall Term, 16 weeks, $49.00. Station of Pittsburg, Summerville and Clarion Railroad directly opposite Normal Laundry. Fall term opens Tuesday, September 6, 1904. For further particulars address

Principal Normal School, Clarion, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at th[illegible] store you can always find

Just What You Want.

[illegible] line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case[illegible] Traveling Bags, [illegible] at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

[illegible]
Smethport, Pa.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.60. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to *agents* who do the "talking."

Students select Westbrook Academy on its merits; the *school* does not have to employ drummers; 23d year will open Sept. 6.

One month in school is better than one year by mail. Nearly all who try the correspondence schools change sooner or later to the business colleges; scores of such pupils have qualified here and more are registered for the coming year. For booklets and rates address
WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N.Y.

LOOK ME UP

When in need of anything in

Fruit and Green Goods,

I always have on hand a complete line of Periodicals, Magazines, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, etc.

Give me a call.

Ellwood Gaskin,
Smethport, Pa.

BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

Annual

August Clearance Sale.

Begins Friday, Aug. 5,

Ends Saturday, Aug. 13.

To make room for fall goods we place on sale all seasonable goods, broken lots and many staple lines at a fraction of their actual value.

See large circulars for prices and if you don't get one a postal will bring one by return mail.

We give no Rebate Stamps or Tickets after August 15 and all Stamp Books and Tickets must be presented before Sept. 1st.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

DRY GOODS CARPETS SHOES CLOAKS

THE BEST ICE CREAM FREEZER

SHEPARD'S LIGHTNING is the best freezer in practical use, because convenient, compact in size, uses smallest amount of ice and salt, runs easily, freezes quickly, produces smoothly frozen cream with little bother and less work. They last longer because pails are of cedar with electric welded hoops. The cans are made of heavy tinplate with drawn steel bottoms. The automatic twin scrapers by their positive action insures quick results. Don't be talked into buying any other freezer. There is none so good. A special price on the 4 quart.

Redfield's Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 11, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Ball game to-morrow.

—Bradford unions will not celebrate Labor Day this year.

—Chadwick's orchestra played for the picnic and dance at Turtle Point yesterday.

—Andrew Barr of Bradford was lodged in jail yesterday charged with the larceny of a watch.

—The Dilger-Cornell Company is giving some first-class entertainment at the Lyceum this week.

—H. C. Wells returned home from a horse buying trip last week with a first-class driving horse.

—Mrs. D. L. Forsythe is entertaining a party of sixteen friends at her home on East Main street this afternoon.

—Work is progressing rapidly on the new club house on Daly brook which is being erected by Smethport young men.

—Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport Friday afternoon. This is to be a league game and a large crowd should witness this exhibition.

—Fred Sanborn, Geo. Wilkinson and John Gierke, arrested for burglary in Bradford last week, were brought to the county jail Saturday.

—Potter county is holding its centennial celebration at Coudersport this week and is giving all who visit Potter's metropolis a very jolly time.

—Daniel Bacon and family and E. T. Daly and family held a picnic at the head of Potato creek last Saturday. It was a very enjoyable outing.

—Miss Bessie King of Port Allegany gave a house party last week. A number of Smethport young people were in attendance the latter part of the week.

—Oil has been found near St. Marys. Hall & Kaul struck a 20-barrel well recently. During the past ten days they have leased 47,000 acres of land for drilling purposes.

—To-morrow evening is "amateur" night at the Lyceum. After the show a program will be given in which some of Smethport's best talent will appear. Prizes will be given.

—Baby Beatrice Neipling will appear with the Dilger-Cornell company at the Lyceum this evening. The little tot is five years old and is said to be a marvel. The pig will also be given away tonight.

—Rev. J. H. McCandless and his East Smethport Sunday school class of boys are camping below Eldred on the banks of the Allegany river this week. Kenneth Mason and Webb Hopper accompanied them.

—Next Sunday, August 14, the P., S. & N. railroad will run a low-rate excursion from Wayland, Hornellsville and intermediate stations to St. Marys. Train leaves Smethport at 10:42 a. m., fare 75 cents.

—A large party will be here from Mt. Jewett to-morrow, as a picnic is to be here under the auspices of the Sunday schools and their baseball team also plays a league game with us. A special train will be run over the Kushequa Route.

—At a hearing before Alderman Egbert Saturday afternoon, Ore Seeker of Simpson, arrested on a charge of cruelty to his children, was fined $50 and costs. The payment of the fine will depend on his behavior towards the children during the next two weeks.—Bradford Star.

—"Hallowed Be Thy Name," the second in the series of sermons on "The Prayer That Teaches to Pray" is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Views of Tissot's paintings of incidents in the last week of Christ's life will be given in the evening.

—William O'Reilly of Smethport, who recently underwent a serious surgical operation at the Bradford hospital, has recovered sufficiently to be able to be removed to the home of his sister, Mrs. O. H. Barker of Main street. He will be conveyed to his home at the county seat within a few days.—Era.

—The picnic given by the members of the P. H. C. at the hose house Tuesday was a very enjoyable affair. The members invited their friends and provided delicious refreshments. The afternoon and evening were very pleasantly passed in dancing, etc. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and everybody had a good time.

—George C. Fagnan has declined to become the Democratic candidate for county treasurer, after having been nominated at the recent meeting of the county committee in this city. Mr. Fagnan gives as his reason for withdrawing from the race, that his business affairs will not admit of him making the run.—Bradford Record.

—Nate Smith, while working in McKean Brothers' mill, was stricken with apoplexy Tuesday morning and for a time it was thought that he was dying. Medical aid was summoned and he was removed to his home where he was revived, and the chances for his complete recovery are good. Mr. Smith is a veteran of the Civil War and about 60 years of age.

—There is a hot time down at Kittanning at the present time. Some of the members of the fire companies, who have been holding a street carnival, feel aggrieved because Father Carrol, pastor of the Catholic church, has been successful in keeping the gambling devices out of the city. The fire companies, in retaliation, have brought suit against Father Carroll for having conducted a lottery, claiming that he sold chances on a free ticket to the World's Fair. The priest has given bail for his appearance at a hearing to be given him next Wednesday.—Bradford Star.

—Henry Tapp of Fillmore, who has been visiting his sons, William and Fred, at Knapps Creek, was instantly killed on an oil lease near this place Saturday morning. Mr. Tapp had accompanied his son, William, to his work. He was seated about the oil derrick watching proceedings, when the heavy walking beam was in some manner knocked off its post, falling on the old gentleman and crushing out his life.—Bradford Herald.

—O. A. Dolley, S. T. Pancoast and James Clyde held a conference at Port Allegany, Pa., a few days ago, and it is reported that they formed a partnership for the manufacture of glass bottles in Port Allegany on the site of the factory which was destroyed by fire some time ago. It is believed that the work of reconstruction will begin within a few days. David Morgan will be superintendent of the plant and will oversee the construction of the new buildings.—Commoner & Glassworker.

Personal Mention.

Miss Maude Heath is visiting friends in Eldred.

John B. Eastman was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

S. A. Powell was a Bradford visitor Saturday last.

Miss Bessie Provin is the guest of relatives in town.

Misses Eva and Hazel Hopper visited Olean Tuesday.

Miss Amanda Anderson visited Port Allegany last Sunday.

Mrs. W. O. Herzog and little daughter are visiting in Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hugg returned yesterday from Pittsburg.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett had business in town Monday.

Miss Grace Emery of New Castle is a guest of John Todd and family.

Mrs. Samuel Porter of Point Marion, Pa., is visiting Smethport friends.

Miss Bertha Ellingsfelt of Port Allegany is a guest of friends in town.

J. F. Olmstead of Shelby, Ohio, is greeting his many friends in town.

Mrs. J. A. Yerdon of Jamestown, N. Y., is the guest of Smethport friends.

Miss Lula Moulton of Denver, Colo., is visiting at the home of W. J. Kerr.

Clinton Boyd of Bradford was in town Monday visiting his brother, C. C. Boyd.

W. A. Leonardson of Kane visited at the home of F. G. Lindholm on Sunday.

Mrs. Eben Pattison of Bradford is visiting her mother, Mrs. Julia Thornton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Martin of Wellsville are visiting F. E. Tull and family.

Attorney J. R. Haughney of Eldred was transacting business in town this week.

Eddie Glavin is taking in the centennial celebration in Coudersport this week.

G. W. Mitchell and daughter, Miss Lucy, visited his father in Bolivar last Sunday.

Miss Zola Brasted and the Misses Hopper attended the ball game at Eldred Tuesday.

Prothonotary S. E. Bell was transacting official business in Bradford Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. H. E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton are in attendance at the centennial celebration at Coudersport.

Mrs. Thaddeus Moore and daughter of Emporium are guests of friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Dunsmore of Reynoldsville are guests of relatives in town this week.

Miss Ethel Kernon of Simpson was the guest of Miss Anna Haley the forepart of the week.

Mrs. John Forrest and daughter, Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, returned Saturday from a visit to Buffalo.

Miss Lulu Keenan of Buffalo is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan, on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Schrote and son returned Tuesday from a six weeks' visit at Wheeling, W. Va.

Miss Edna Streeter of Bolivar, N. Y., was a guest of her cousin, Miss Edith McGuire, during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Bolivar visited Smethport relatives and friends in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Pierce of East street attended the centennial celebration in Coudersport this week.

Misses Mary and Ella Cole left for Pikeville, N. Y., Tuesday morning for a two weeks' visit with relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Cunningham and Mrs. A. R. Braden are visiting friends and relatives in Olean and Westons Mills.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and daughter, Ellanorah, returned Saturday night from a month's sojourn at Boston.

Mrs. E. H. Coleman and son, Gordon, of Port Allegany are visiting Mrs. Coleman's mother, Mrs. Ellingsfelt, this week.

Mrs. Gordon Stuhlholme came over from Port Allegany Monday and passed the day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

F. G. Lindholm of Smethport spent part of the week here attending to business, he being one of the stockholders in the firm which recently bought the Bergstrom store.—Kane Leader.

Tom Young and John Mosanti are catering to the wants of the crowds at Coudersport in their various lines this week.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and three daughters departed to-day for a visit in Angelica and other New York State points.

County Treasurer and Mrs. A. W. Boyd of Bradford were in town this week, called here by the illness of their son, C. C. Boyd.

Mrs. John Eckert, daughter, Helen, and son, Bevier, have returned from a visit to New York City and points on the Hudson river.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thaman and son, John, returned home to Bradford last Saturday after a week's visit with relatives in this place.

Miss Edythe Miller, daughter of the deputy minister of education of the province of Ontario, Canada, is visiting Mrs. Gaylard Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moorehouse and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Moorehouse and children have returned from their outing on Chautauqua lake.

Mrs. H. L. McCoy, Mrs. E. R. Baker and children, Mrs. J. F. Olmstead and children and Miss Lois Young visited in Mt. Jewett last Saturday.

Mrs. May Holmes and two daughters of Buffalo returned to their home Monday after a few weeks' visit with F. L. Holmes and family of this place.

Sheriff Mays came over from the county seat Friday evening to visit his wife who is a patient at the Kane Summit hospital.—Kane Republican.

Miss Ruth Voorhees and Master George Voorhees of Olean, accompanied by their little friend, Miss Winnie Adams, are guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Camp and daughter, Miss Mabel, have returned from a visit at Put-in-Bay and Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Camp, who was quite ill during their absence, is much improved in health.

Saturday evening Miss Dorothy Lyon entertained at a tea at her home on Mill street in honor of her friends, Miss Lena Baldwin of Pottsdam and Miss Rachel Mayo of Smethport.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. John Todd and children, accompanied by their guests, Mrs. Emory, daughter, Miss Grace, and son, Oswald, of New Castle, returned to their cottage on the shores of Chautauqua lake Monday for a sojourn of three weeks.

Another Burglary in Bradford.

When G. R. Mabb went to his place of business on Congress street yesterday morning, he was surprised to find that burglars had been in the place during the previous night, says Tuesday's Bradford Era. They had removed a pane of glass and thereby gained entrance to the store. The safe had been opened by the cracksmen, but as Mr. Mabb had left but very little money in the receptacle they did not make much of a haul. They took some revolvers and knives and succeeded in getting away without being detected. Home talent crooks are suspected.

A sign has hung for some time in Mr. Mabb's window which reads: "Burglars' Tools To Rent." This was one of Mabb's jokes. He now begins to think that the robbers believe in signs and "rented" the revolvers and knives, they being very important utensils in the occupation of the successful burglar. That sign will now be removed.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 6, 1904:

Ella Baker, Geo. Cary, E. S., Chas McVane, Miss Alice Olson 2.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

A Manager Wanted.

Business Proposition. An intelligent man or woman is wanted to take the county management of an established business in Clinton county. No canvassing. Work may be done evenings. Good pay to right party. Salary and commissions. If interested address.

The Grumiaux News Co.,
Ridgway, Pa.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Account of the races at Olean, August 16th to 19th inclusive, the P., S. & N. R. R. will make a special rate of a fare and one-third to Olean and return on regular trains, August 16th to 19th inclusive.

WANTED—Two reliable men to work life insurance. Inquire at the branch office, over postoffice, Smethport, Pa.

I. J. Hannold,
Asst. Supt.

For Sale.

A good sized fire-proof safe and a sideboard in good condition. Further information furnished at this office.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

Chas. Lemmler.

Horse whips, all kinds and prices from 10c up. Holmes & Gilfillan.

After August 15 I will discontinue giving trading stamps.

H. W. Rubin.

Everything in tin or enamel kitchen furniture at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Large assortment bird cages, just in. Holmes & Gilfillan.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 BELL 'PHONE BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

EMBROIDERY SALE.

5 LOTS. Friday and Saturday Only.

We have arranged our complete stock of Embroidery edges, insertions and beadings of all grades in five lots, for a season's end clearing.

Lot 1.	Regular prices up to six cents @ per yard	03c
Lot 2.	Regular prices up to twelve cents @ per yard	07c
Lot 3.	Regular prices up to twenty cents @ per yard	11c
Lot 4.	Regular prices up to thirty cents @ per yard	19c
Lot 5.	Regular prices up to fifty cents @ per yard	29c

Allover Embroideries ¼ off regular prices.

VAL. LACES.

With the embroidery sale we will offer a discount of ½ from regular prices on all Val. Laces.

Notice to Stamp Collectors.

We will discontinue giving Yellow Stamps after August fifteenth. Yellow Stamp books are redeemable at $10, $12.50, $25.00, $37.50 and $50.00. Bring them in.

FRY & COMES.

The Hottest Still to Come.

If you are doing your cooking and baking over the old fashioned cook stove and think you cannot as yet afford a Gas Range you should look at our line of

Hot Plates, Ovens and Summer Gas Ranges.

By using one of these you do away with all that unnecessary heat that comes from a cook stove, they are a pleasure for a woman to work over and will save enough in gas alone to pay for themselves in a very short time.

Don't forget that we still have some Big Refrigerator Bargains.

Lookers Always Welcome.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

GREAT BARGAINS.

During the month of August we are offering special prices on all summer goods.

Hats sold at and below cost.

Great Bargains in white shirt waists and dressing sacques.

A few shirt waist suits, just the thing for hot weather, at prices that will surprise you.

Ladies' and Misses' wash skirts from 69c to $1.90.

A large line of wrappers, corsets, underwear, etc.

Headquarters for infants' and children's ready-made clothing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

Commencing This Week

I will close out my entire line of Hardware, consisting of

Granite Ware, Tinware,
White Stone Wase
Glassware, etc.

Everything in the line. They must all go at your own figures. I need the room for other goods and will handle no more of these. Now is the time to buy.

Just received a new line of Ladies' Neckwear, Veils, etc.

M. L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

ANGEL'S VICTORY

By F. E. HAWSON

Copyright, 1904, by F. E. Hawson

Hill hated her, chiefly because Mor-n, the smooth tongued horse dealer, t the better of the bargain when he ld her to the manager of Cowara. ill prided himself on his knowledge horseflesh, but Angel, the chestnut, as old, or, rather, middle aged, and t the young thing Morton had represented her to be.

Moreover, her temper, soured by ng years of ill treatment, was none f the best. She was nervous, too, hough with Hill she was only mulh, vicious and obstinate. She hated ut did not fear him. She evidently ivined his dislike and returned it in ind.

With Wilfred Paton, the overseer, man of passionate temper, but kind nd tender to women and children and umb creatures, by whom he was lindly adored, Angel was gentleness tself. It could readily be believed when one watched him handle the mare that under happier circumstances she might have fitted her name.

From the first it had been a series of battles between the chestnut and Hill, in which the man usually won out by sheer brutality.

There had been no rain for months. Each day the men watched the sky, but the pitiless sun poured his scorching rays on the parched earth, with never a cloud to veil his face or temper the heat. The water in the dam was getting low, and when that was gone the station people would have either to perish or get out, unless water were reached in the well Hill was sinking on the flat. Water was a priceless commodity on that inland Australian station.

One close day late in February came the crisis of that awful summer. Not a leaf stirred. The air at each inhalation burnt the lungs, and the limit of human endurance seemed to have been reached. Yet it was this afternoon of all others that Hill ordered Paton and Malcolm to fill the big iron tank.

"The fool!" exclaimed Paton as they walked through the hot sand to the dam. "Hasn't he sense enough to wait until evening?"

They worked hard for an hour, Malcolm filling the buckets and handing them up to Paton, who poured the contents into a tank. When their task was finished they returned to the house.

"We've filled the 500 gallon tank," said Paton, coming up to where Hill half reclined in a steamer chair on the veranda. "It's down at the dam in the tip cart, but I hate to leave it to evaporate in the sun, and there isn't a horse to drag it up to the house."

"Where are Bones and Myope?"

"Smiles has them working at the new dam, and Charlie has taken the two blacks and gone over to the well sinkers' camp with rations. The other horses, as you know, were sent away to McLellan's yesterday to save our water," answered Paton.

"Well, Angel is in the paddock, isn't she? Put her in."

"It's too heavy a load for Angel. She isn't built for such work."

"I say she shall!" cried Hill. "I'm boss here, and when I say a thing is to be done it's going to be done."

"All right! Go ahead and do it yourself!" responded Paton. The overseer and the manager never did hit it very well, and the heat hadn't improved their tempers. "But stay," Paton added, a thought striking him. "I'll try what I can do first."

With that Paton went down to the paddock, caught Angel, harnessed her, put her in the cart, and then coaxed her to drag the load. By striving and straining she dragged the cart a few steps through the heavy sand, then paused and turned her eyes on Paton entreatingly, as though to say:

"I'd do it for you, but I can't!"

Hill was watching the performance from the veranda, for the house was built on the top of the sand hill, the dam was in the creek at its foot and no bushes intervened. When the manager saw the horse stop he got up and went quickly down.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's just as I said," answered Paton, "the mare hasn't the strength to haul such a load."

"Hasn't she? I'll see about that. It's her obstinacy, that's what it is. Angel? It's Devil she ought to be called."

"Let me get the other tank, put half the water in it, and then she can easily manage it in two trips," suggested Paton, controlling his rising anger.

"No! She'll haul the tank as it is!"

"Then I'll wash my hands of the whole business."

Paton walked up the slope. As he stepped on the veranda Mrs. Hill, who was standing at the door, looked back into the house and called to her young cousin:

"Muriel, come out and see this brute! She won't pull the tank up the hill, but Horace will soon make her. He knows how to manage horses." And she shot a scornful glance in Paton's direction.

Muriel Everton came out. She was a tall, slender girl, dressed in white. Her delicate throat was bare and her cheeks blanched by the heat, but her beautiful brown eyes were clear and deep and tender. She and Paton exchanged quick glances, then she looked down at the man and the horse, shuddered and turned away.

Hill, by thrashing the chestnut had forced her to haul the cart a few steps; then Angel stopped. With kindness she might have made a further effort, but Hill had roused her obstinate spirit, and she would not budge an inch. This infuriated the man, and he beat her over the head with the butt of the stock whip he carried. Still she did not move. Then, as he continued to beat her, in her agony she stepped backward, plunged and reared, the cart tipped back, the mare was drawn up and in her struggles broke the shafts, the tank fell out, the cover rolled off and the whole of the 500 gallons of precious water was swallowed up by the burning sand. Hill took the horse from the cart and, insane with rage, commenced to thrash her again.

Then there was a sudden rush of something white, as though a cloud were flying down the hill, and Muriel threw herself between Hill and Angel, clasping the mare's head in her arms, and the heavy whip descended on the delicate shoulders, which showed pink and then scarlet through the thin muslin of her gown.

Before Hill's raised arm could fall again it was grasped by a strong hand, and a fierce voice hissed:

"Madman, would you strike a woman?"

For a moment Hill's glance met the stern eyes of the overseer, then it wavered and fell on the girl.

"Muriel, are you there? Did I hit you? I didn't mean to," he said weakly. "Did it hurt?"

"Hurt!" cried Paton, his eyes fairly blazing. "Do you know that you might have killed her?"

"She shouldn't have interfered," said Hill sullenly.

"Not another word or by heaven I'll kill you," said Paton. Hill shrank from the fury in the other man's eyes and slunk away to the house.

"My darling," said Paton in a voice so fraught with love that the girl's heart quivered with a joy that was almost pain, "did he hurt you very much?" And his lips tenderly pressed the bruised shoulder.

"It does hurt most awfully, but I really think that he did not know I was here," answered Muriel, glancing up through her tears. "But, oh, look at poor Angel!"

The chestnut, lying huddled in the sand, was truly a pitiable sight. She had won out, indeed, but at what a cost! Her head was cut and bleeding, her eyes swollen and closed, and she panted and groaned with pain.

"Oh, do you think she will die, Wilfred?" asked Muriel.

"No, but you'll get sunstruck here; go back to the house, dear, and get Mrs. Hill to bathe your shoulder. I'll tend to the mare. And, Muriel, I can't stay at Cowarra now. I've been repeatedly offered the management of Murta, but—I—I could not leave until I knew if you cared. I'm not worthy, I know. I've such a vile temper"—Muriel shook her head. "But now, now—you'll let me come for you when I get straightened out over there, won't you?"

Again Muriel looked up, and his eyes drank deep from the radiance of hers.

"And Angel?" she whispered.

"Oh, I'll buy her from Hill. He won't refuse to sell her for the price I'll offer, I know."

* * * * *

Three months later Angel was one of the leaders in the four-in-hand behind which Paton drove his bride to her new home. It was a new world through which they traveled, for the rain had come and green grass covered the once arid earth; flowers bloomed on every side and birds sang in the trees. And it was a new Angel who, with arched neck, led the team, proudly conscious of the precious burden she carried and of the confidence reposed in her by her new owner.

Wolfe Tone.

A desultory and enormous reader of plays and novels, with an impish humor and a facility and felicity of quotation which never deserted him under the most terrific circumstances, Wolfe Tone's style is throughout literary and in that sense artificial, but he had a passion for facts and a healthy determination to see things as they really were. He was perfectly free from every kind of illusion, delusion and humbug.

He was very much alive to the humorous side of all things, including himself. The diaries are full of entries like this:

"I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas when he was secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined with Carnot. Today I should be puzzled to raise a guinea."

Wolfe Tone at the bottom of his heart was grave enough. His death is warrant for this. But he belonged by the order of his mind to the mockers. Tone's widow, though she had doubtless a good deal to put up with, mourned her husband's loss for seventeen years, when she married one who shared her veneration for Tone's memory. His son grew up to be proud of his father's sufferings in what he was taught to believe was a good cause. Ireland has never forgotten Tone and probably never will.—Contemporary Review.

Needed No Entertainment.

Mrs. Granger looked at her suburban neighbor and decided that a person with such a becoming hat must be in a state of vanity to need chastening of spirit.

"Isn't it a real trial to have Mr. Joyce so devoted to the new club?" she said in a soft tone fraught with tender sympathy. "Mr. Granger, of course, likes the club, and we go sometimes, but he'd just as soon sit quietly at home with me evening after evening."

"It's lovely for you," said Mrs. Joyce, and the face under the becoming hat was sweet and guileless, "but then, you know, the two men have always been different ever since they were boys together. Mr. Joyce always wants a good deal of pleasure and entertainment, whereas Mr. Granger has never cared for anything of the sort."

THE GAME OF POKER

IT SEEMS TO HAVE ORIGINATED IN NEW ORLEANS.

The American Version of the Game Is Apparently an Improvement on the Old French Game "Le Jeu du Poque" or German "Pochenspiel."

All the evidence about poker which has come to light points to its origin in New Orleans. The question is, Where did New Orleans get it from, or is it an improvement on some game known to the population of that city, who, it must be remembered, were French and used French terms in any games that they played?

There is no French game played with only twenty cards, as poker was played at New Orleans in 1832, but there are several French games in which all the poker hands are to be found except four of a kind. Ambigu, brelan and many others will at once suggest themselves.

But all these French games are played with three cards only in the hand of each player. Where could the inventor of poker have found a game played with five cards in each hand and the pack consisting of twenty cards only?

The standard pack of cards in Europe from the earliest days has been what is now called the piquet pack, which is the same as our American euchre pack, thirty-two cards. There is only one country in the world that uses a pack limited to twenty cards, and that is Persia. There is only one country in the world where poker has always been played with five cards in the hand of each player, and that is Persia, but the game is not called poker. It is called as nas.

Those who are familiar with this ancient Persian game unhesitatingly assert some Frenchmen must have brought it to New Orleans in its primitive form, with the pack limited to twenty cards and the hand of each player increased to five. The question still remains, How did it change its name?

The old Persian pack had no aces, court cards and spots, like ours, but each suit was made up of pictures which ranked: Lion, king, lady, soldier and dancing girl. This pack was called varak i as, varak i asands or simply as, from the game as or asands, which was played with it. This ancient game was simply twenty card poker, as it was first played in America at the beginning of this century.

But if poker was originally known as asands, how came it to lose that name? It seemed to the writer, and also to Mr. Jessel, that the answer to this question must be looked for in the language of the people who brought the game from Europe, if they did bring it.

If they brought it to New Orleans from Persia, or if some resident of that city was familiar with the Persian game and thought it an improvement on the French game of ambigu and brelan, the introducer was probably French and more familiar with French games and French terms than with Persian.

Curiously enough, one of the oldest and most authoritative works on card games was published in France and ran through a great many editions. This is the famous "Academie Universelle des Jeux; Chez Theodore Legras, au Palais, Paris."

In the 1665 edition of this work we find the first description of the game of hoc.

The game of hoc continues to be described until the edition of 1702, with no mention of any improvement or change in its form. In 1733, however, page 305, we find a description of le jeu du poque, which exactly agrees with the game known to all German children as pochenspiel or pochen. The "Academie des Jeux" speaks of poque as a descendant or offshoot from the older game of hoc.

The peculiarity of poque is that after the cards are dealt and each player has taken from the common pool the counter for the rank of the highest cards held he is at liberty to bet upon the various combinations of cards he holds, triplets, pairs, etc. In the French description of the game we are told that a player opened the betting by saying, "Je poque d'un jeton," or two chips, or as many as he pleased, and that then the others could see him, raise him or drop out in their turn.

In the German game pochen as it is played today we find exactly the same expressions still in use, "Ich poche eins," or as many chips as the player cares to venture, and the answer of the player entering the betting against the opener is invariably, "Ich poche mit." Both poque and pochen are played with piquet pack, thirty-two cards.

Now, it is very curious that in the English translation of this "Academie des Jeux" and in all the English descriptions of the game of poque we find the players are instructed to say in English, "I poque for so much," and the following players are to respond, "I poque against you."

Show this word "poque" to any ordinary English speaking person not acquainted with French, and he would undoubtedly separate it into two syllables and call it po-que. In the German the word poche is already as near poker as the vowel sound will admit.

What more natural than that a resident of New Orleans of French birth or extraction already familiar with the game of poque and seeing asands played for the first time should use the expressions "Je poque d'un jeton," etc., and that the English or German speaking person adopting the game should say, "I po-que."

From this it is a short step to drop the curious and difficult foreign name of asands altogether and call the game po-que and later to spell it poker.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

IMMOBILITY OF THE EAR.

Distinct Gain Due to Loss of Ability to Wag That Organ.

The ear is immobile. Accordingly it is incapable of reflex movements for catching sounds like those by which the eye is turned so quickly to meet the light coming from an object. We find likewise that the perception of space by means of sound is in an extremely undeveloped form. What is the size of thunder? The question at first seems absurd. Yet it cannot be entirely absurd, for we speak of the peal as heaven filling. The appearance of absurdity is due to the hopeless vagueness of the sound image in respect to extent. If we analyze this vagueness, we find that owing to the immobility of the ear we cannot locate sounds with precision.

We have now to ask what the mental gain is which has resulted from this loss. It is to be found in the ability to attend to a succession of sounds. Let us notice how distinct is our perception of succession. A sound comes suddenly and sharply, and then it is gone, and another sound of distinct quality takes its place. Thus by its very nature sound lends itself easily to this kind of perception. And when we listen to a sounding object our interest is in catching the sounds which come in sequence. This is illustrated most distinctly in attention to discourse. We hear simultaneous sounds, but the predominating characteristic of our perception of sounds is that their variety is given in succession. Hearing is a time sense. If the ear had remained mobile, it would have been the organ of a space sense, for it would have given a number of sounds as practically coexisting and as coexisting in definite relations to each other. The mobility being lost, hearing has become a time sense.

To sum up, the loss of the ear's mobility has resulted in the fuller appreciation of the succession of sounds, and thus has been in an important sense a condition of the social, intellectual and aesthetic development which has come with the use of language and music. And it is in a high degree probable, though the data are insufficient for conclusive demonstration, that it is to the advantage given in the struggle for existence by the first stages of this development that we are to attribute the permanent alteration in the structure of the ear. We thus see that the sense organ having originally the form best adapted to the conditions in which the organism lived changed its form to meet the conditions of a higher stage of evolution. It may be that in this form it is most in accord with the special stimulations which appeal to it. It is certainly in this form that it can minister to the highest spiritual activities.—Dr. Walter Smith in Popular Science Monthly.

A Budding Financier.

The seven-year-old son of a prosperous publisher had come to town with his father. The journey had been devoted largely to a discussion over the purchase of a most desirable pony, just the right size for a seven-year-old, and the plan had been vetoed by the stern parent.

When they reached his father's private office the boy stood in the open doorway and studied the double line of clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers and helpers which extended the length of the floor. Finally he crossed to his father's desk.

"Father," he said earnestly, "do all those people work for you?"

"Yes," replied the father, not looking up from his mail.

"Do you pay their salaries?"

"Yes."

"Well, say, if you'd take a dollar out of each of their salaries this week, wouldn't that money pay for my pony?"

"For several of them," replied his father dryly.

"Very well; I think you'd better take it out. Each one of 'em wouldn't miss the dollar much, and it would mean a lot for us. You can have what's left over from the pony."—New York Press.

Skeletons.

The mode of preparing skeletons for the use of the medical profession is a very delicate operation. The scalpel is first called into requisition to remove the muscular tissues. Its work being done, the bones are boiled, being carefully watched meanwhile that they may not be overdone. After this cannibalistic procedure they are bleached in the sun. Even the spots of grease are sure to appear when they are exposed to heat. The French treat these with ether and benzine, securing thereby a dazzling whiteness, which is a distinguishing mark of their skeletons.

A brass rod with all the proper curvatures supports the spinal column. Delicate brass wires hold the ribs in place. Hinges of the most perfect workmanship give to the joints a graceful and lifelike movement. Cleverly concealed hooks and eyes render disjunction at pleasure possible. The whole construction plainly indicates the care and skill of an artist and connoisseur.

Snake's Eyes.

Snakes may almost be said to have glass eyes, inasmuch as their eyes never close. They are without lids and each is covered with a transparent scale much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin the eye scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope out of which the snake slips. This glassy eye scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs, sharp grass and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow the most perfect vision. Thus, if the snake has not a glass eye it may, at any rate, be said to wear eyeglasses.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tassa Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, O. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:28 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:55 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. LV		Ar P M
2:20	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:19
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:12	Instanter	11:02
3:20	Smith's Run	10:55
3:29	Woodvale	10:45
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Alton, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nanson, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R., for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Alton, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points. Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 5:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt., Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.) Ridgway (arr. 9:39 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:33 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.)

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:35 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:28 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

8:05 [illegible] m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:46 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt., St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.			L'v Westward.
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. / Dp.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.55	2.10	Ulysses	7.26	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.43	1.53	Perkins	7.34	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.31
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. / Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. / Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp / Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

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CUPID'S COURT OF CLAIMS

By Epes W. Sargent

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Paul Preston settled himself comfortably in his seat in the chair car. Then he carefully polished his eyeglasses and put them in his pocket. He had no reading matter with him, and he found that it rested his eyes to remove the glasses. To his near-sighted vision the scenery then became a blur. Like most absentminded men, he was given to introspection, and once the glasses were off the other occupants of the car ceased to distract his attention.

Staring fixedly ahead he began to speculate upon the probable outcome of the business arrangement he had just put through. Finding that the motion of the train was not pleasant, he swung his seat around until he was riding with his back to the engine. Lost in thought, he never noticed that he was staring directly into the face of a remarkably pretty girl who had the seat behind him.

His steady gaze disconcerted her, and she, too, swung her seat about, but, with feminine curiosity, she could not help stealing an occasional glance around. Preston was not at all a bad looking chap, but the fixed regard of even a fine looking fellow became most annoying, and Ruth Vincent was glad when the call for luncheon in the dining car enabled her to escape the searching gaze for awhile.

Preston's stare was so steady and undemonstrative that she could not very well complain to the conductor, but it was none the less unpleasant. As the dusky waiter brought the first course of her luncheon she caught herself hoping that the rude man would not take his place opposite her at the table and so spoil the meal for her.

But Preston had no intention of visiting the dining car. He was not even aware of the call, so deeply immersed in thought was he. Not until the porter, in his perpetual cleaning up of the car, touched him on the shoulder did he rouse himself with a start.

"Yo' book, sah?" he asked, holding out a magazine. Preston fished out his eyeglasses, looked at the cover and with a puzzled expression admitted that it was his. It was very strange. He did not remember providing himself with reading matter before boarding the train, yet this was clearly his. He replaced his glasses, dropped the magazine into his lap, and in a minute was again lost in thought.

"SEE, HERE IS MY NAME."

For ten minutes he was left alone. Then Ruth Vincent, returning from the dining car, gasped to find her magazine appropriated. It was bad enough to be stared at, but for him to calmly appropriate the magazine, behind the covers of which she had been concealing her annoyance, was unpardonable. She leaned forward with an "I beg your pardon."

But Preston was in Cleveland, going over the details of his business trip. She raised her voice without avail and finally leaned farther forward and touched his arm.

"Eh? What is it?" he cried as he suddenly became aware that he was being addressed.

"May I trouble you for my magazine?" she said coldly.

"Why, certainly," he said cordially. "Keep it as long as you like. I shan't need it until we get to town."

"You will pardon me," she said acidly. "It is my magazine."

"Is it?" he asked. "Why, bless me, I thought it was mine. Yes," after a pause. "It is mine, don't you know," and with eager fingers he felt for his eyeglasses. "Yes," he said again, after a scrutiny of the cover. "See, here is my name."

He pointed to a name scrawled upon the cover. Her lip curled with fine scorn. "It's a very unique excuse," she said, "but it happens that the name was written there some time ago, and I do not think it happens to be yours. The gentleman to whom this belongs is out west somewhere, and I had the loan of it from his sister. I am taking it to her now."

Preston suddenly became aware that the girl was very pretty. He sat up [illegible] "Will [illegible]," he [illegible] slowly, "I am afraid that you have [illegible] of my sister. [illegible] isn't it?"

Miss Vincent gasped. "See here," she said decidedly, "you have been very annoying ever since we left Washington. This subterfuge of taking my magazine and pretending that it is yours is very clever, but I must decline to hold any further conversation with you. Unless you immediately turn your seat around and refrain from addressing me or even staring at me I shall appeal to the passengers. There are some men in the car."

The stress she placed upon the "men" made Preston wince, but he would not give up so easily. "Let me show you," he said, drawing some papers from his pocket, "that I am really Paul Preston."

"Will you turn around," she demanded sharply, "or will you force me to make a scene?" Preston sank weakly back in his seat and wheeled it about until it faced the forward end of the car. The Pullman was one of those built with bay windows, and tiny strips of looking glass were so placed between the windows as to enable him to see behind him. Preston watched the clean cut profile attentively.

This young woman interested him. He was not much used to feminine society. What with his self absorption and his nearsightedness he was scarcely fitted to be a ladies' man, and he had permitted his business to completely absorb him. Now he glued his eyes to the glass and vainly regretted that he had found himself in a situation from which he was unable to extricate himself. His sister Mabel had been visiting in Washington. He must have given her the magazine and she in turn have loaned it to a friend. It would be easy enough to find out from her to whom it had been loaned, but meanwhile the state of affairs was decidedly unpleasant. He had been accused of flirting, a thing he most cordially detested, and this resolute young woman absolutely refused to permit him to make any explanation.

When the train reached New York he took one of the downtown ferries, going direct to his office, and it was not until dinner time that he met the members of his family. Then, to his surprise—and hers—he met Ruth Vincent formally. It was an awkward moment, and if he had felt ill at ease that afternoon his revenge was ample. Miss Vincent was profuse in her apologies, he was elaborate in his explanations, and it was not until dessert was reached that they felt that a treaty of peace had been effected.

It was not until two weeks after that that the final treaty was entered into, and Ruth promised that she would become Mrs. Preston and see that his absentmindedness did not lead him into further trouble.

Now when he travels she accompanies him, and you could not induce him to lay claim to any periodical unless she first assures him that it is all right. He says that having made one very satisfactory mistake he has no desire to spoil the record. Ruth, though laughing, knows that had it not been for the contretemps he would never have noticed his sister's guest sufficiently to fall in love with her.

"Stonewall" Jackson.

In "The Life of Margaret J. Preston" the author tells us much about that lady's brother-in-law, "Stonewall" Jackson. His attention to minor points of conduct is shown in his manner of [illegible] Jackson was [illegible] suffering from dyspepsia had induced a predisposition to drowsiness, which he was very likely to yield to if sitting for a length of time quiet or unoccupied. Especially in church would this infirmity beset him, although most strenuously and conscientiously resisted. Still he could not be persuaded to relax his military habit of sitting in a perfectly erect posture, thus rendering the unwilling nod all the more apparent.

Some one playfully pleaded with him to lean back in the pew, so that he would be less conspicuous and the cadets opposite him in the gallery would be in less danger of being injured by his example; at least, that he would cease to be a source of amusement to them.

His reply to this badinage was: "I will do nothing to superinduce sleep by putting myself at ease or making myself more comfortable. If, however, in spite of my resistance I yield to my infirmity, then I deserve to be laughed at and accept as punishment the mortification I feel."

Making Fire Indian Fashion.

"How do the Indians make a fire without matches?" asked a boy who loved to "play Indian." Most of us have heard the answer to this: "The Indians used a flint and steel, as our own fathers and mothers did a hundred years ago, and before they had flint and steel they used rubbing sticks." We have all read about bringing fire out of two sticks by rubbing them together, but I find that most persons look upon this as a sort of fairy tale, or if they believe it to be true they think it so difficult as to be worth no second thought. All woodcrafters, I find, are surprised and greatly interested to learn that not only is it possible but easy to make a friction fire if you know how. I have taught many boys and men to do it, and some have grown so expert that they make it nearly as quickly as with an old fashioned sulphur match. When I first learned from Mr. Walter Hough, who learned from the Indians, it took me from five to ten minutes to get a blazing fire—not half an hour, as some books have it. But later I got it down to a minute, then to thirty one seconds from the time of taking up the rubbing sticks to having a fine blaze, the time in getting the first spark being about six seconds.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Country Life In America.

THE HUE OF THE SKY

WHY THE DOME OF THE HEAVENS HAS A BLUISH TINT.

The Beautiful Coloring Is Wrought by the Reflection of the Sunlight Upon the Myriads of Minute Particles That Float In the Air.

Every one notices the blue color of the sky. It has grown familiar to all by daily observation from childhood, yet few persons realize the great scientific and artistic interest attaching to this beautiful color.

Sir Isaac Newton tried to explain the color in the year 1675 by referring it to the blue colors seen in the soap bubbles used in his experiments. He thought the air was filled with small particles of water which reflect the blue portions of the sun's light falling upon our earth and thus produce the blue tints of the firmament.

Sir John Herschel explained the color of the sky by Newton's theory, but later writers have proved that in some important respects his theory was wrong.

In 1869 Professor John Tyndall, the famous British physicist, found that he could produce "sky blue" by experiments in the laboratory. For this purpose he filled a glass tube about a yard long and three inches in diameter with air of one-tenth the ordinary density mixed with nitrite-of-butyl vapor, which is extremely volatile. Then on passing through the mixture a powerful beam of electric light in a room otherwise dark, the mixture precipitated a beautiful blue cloud which in color rivaled the finest Italian sky. Further experiments proved to Tyndall that he had at last discovered the secret of the blue color of the sky, which had puzzled the greatest philosophers of all ages.

Lord Rayleigh, the famous professor of experimental physics at Cambridge, England, and one of King Edward's original twelve members of the new order of merit, investigated Tyndall's theory of the color of the sky by profound mathematical researches extending over many years. He confirmed Tyndall's theory that the blue arises from the reflection of sunlight from small particles in the air less than one one-hundred thousandth of an inch in diameter.

These atomic particles fill the atmosphere, and by reflecting the blue part of the sun's light give the dome of the heavens a bluish tint.

Some of these particles are water, but most of them are composed of the oxygen and nitrogen of the air.

Professor T. J. J. See of the United States navy is one of the American scientists who studied the subject in another aspect. He observed the color of the sky in various altitudes, in high mountains and in dry and moist countries, such as Egypt and Greece and Arizona and the Mississippi valley. His conclusion is that the beautiful red colors of sunsets and sunrises so much spoken of by Greek and Roman writers and so often illustrated in landscape painting arises from water vapor in the lower regions of the atmosphere, absorbing the blue and transmitting the red light. According to Dr. See, the reddish colors come from that part of our air within five miles of the earth's surface, while the deep blue of the sky arises from reflections on minute particles in the higher parts of our atmosphere.

The water vapor does not extend very high, clouds never rising higher than ten miles above the earth. The blue streaks cast by clouds at sunset show that the red arises near the earth, while the blue has its seat very high up. Above the atmosphere the sky has all the blackness of the darkest night.

Professor See watched the duration of the blue sky after dark and found it to continue for about an hour and fifteen minutes, and from this he shows that the atmosphere extends to a height of fully 130 miles. Astronomers have usually found the height of the atmosphere by computing the height of meteors, but none ever made the height of the atmosphere over 100 miles.

The study of the blue color of the sky thus proves also that our atmosphere extends considerably higher than scientists have heretofore supposed.

On dark days the blue color of the sky is shut out by means and combinations of colors due to reflecting clouds, and countless myriads of particles in the ethereal regions high above the earth give the bright light which is so much relished in daily life.—Brooklyn Eagle.

When an Elephant Is Crazy.

When we present the elephant in possession of such intellectual gifts as may be his, there has to be considered the case of the elephant that, being "must"—a disease akin to frenzy—is for a time bereft of its senses. It is only the male that suffers from this affliction of insanity, but every male is liable to it some time or other and unfortunately may be attacked by it without warning of any kind.

Some men of long experience of elephant keeping say that the "must" condition is preceded by premonitory symptoms and, if taken in time, may, by diet and treatment, be averted. But, without presuming to contradict those better informed people, I can aver that I have known some of them to be taken by surprise by the sudden "musting" of elephants under their own immediate supervision.

Some elephants become demons of cruelty when "must," as, for example, a commissariat elephant that, during my time in India, broke away from the Lucknow lines and went over a considerable tract of country, killing men, women and children whenever it found an opportunity of doing so.—Blackwood's Magazine.

HIS OWN HEART

By Oliver L. Mitchell

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Phil Trenton was something of a matchmaker. He wanted his friend Howbridge in the family and was pleased to introduce him to his only sister, Joanna.

"He's all right, Jo," Phil said, "and I hope you won't break his heart badly enough to keep him from finishing the story. I'm to illustrate—if you'll pose for me."

Joanna's blue eyes danced—then, and a little later when Phil made an insufficient excuse and left them alone. Howbridge felt as if he had been told to play with a strange little girl. Joanna was quite at ease. The mischievous freedom of her glance contradicted the reserve of her bearing. Howbridge decided that she was fit to be the heroine of an unusual story. She was blond and beautiful and magnificently tall.

"Are you waiting for me to say I enjoyed your last book?" she questioned at last.

"Follow your conscience, Miss Trenton. But did Phil make you read it? I wouldn't mind knowing whether you cried at the right places. Did you?" He leaned toward her. His strong face was clean shaven. His gray eyes were noncommittal. He had the sad mouth and gentle manners of a humorist.

"Oh, I didn't read it," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because I did read your first book. I don't like your women. I'd like to be polite, but you mentioned my conscience."

"Don't mind my feelings and tell me what is wrong with the women in my tales."

"They are all right. It's you. You make them do what they never would do of their own free will. Now, you married Fanny to that Burson. He wasn't even interesting." He waited for her to continue, his fertile fancy fitting literary situations about her personality.

"You can't know women very well, do you? You're too"— she paused roguishly.

"Too young?" he hazarded.

"I don't know how old you feel, but it's not age that gives insight, is it? By the way, Mr. Howbridge, where do you get your material? For your new story, for instance, that's announced for September? The title—isn't it weak? And how do you know 'What Life Is Made Of'?"

"Suppose I came down here just to find out," he said mysteriously. "Perhaps you can show me? They say that women know. The story is hardly begun. Can't you find me a model for a heroine? It would be a charity to the reading public."

Joanna mused.

"There aren't ten interesting women in this neighborhood, not even counting my sister-in-law"—

"And you."

"Thank you, since I couldn't say it myself."

Their conversation was cut short by the abrupt entrance of Phil and his wife, who, [illegible] Howbridge [illegible] "The Place Angela," as they called their summer house, which was near. Phil was an illustrator, and between him and Mrs. Phil, who had been an interior decorator, the cottage was a thing to dream about artistically. They had a keen sense of what not to put into a house. Joanna, who was practically lived with them, did the housekeeping, which she loved, posed for her brother and roamed the woods with her big St. Bernard dog.

Howbridge was given a room, absolute disposal of his time and potluck in a family that had all the charms and none of the discomforts of camping. Joanna treated him like an amusing playmate, teased him about his literary abstractions and his writing and pretended to search for a model for his heroine. She knew little of books, but could caricature effectively, sing like a thrush and play the piano with musicianly instinct. She was twenty-two and had always lived. He was thirty-three and had always written with moderate success.

Howbridge studied Joanna impersonally, as he had studied all girls since his betrothed married another man while Howbridge was at college dreaming and writing her sentimental love letters. The other man had always wanted her, so he stayed on the spot, saw her every day and did things till he got her—which taught Howbridge a lesson. He woke up, and after that his characters were more real—not like those in his first book.

Joanna had no heart history. Men who saw much of her did. They, always to her surprise, fell in love with her and to their own surprise married other women and sighingly remembered her as a lost love when they had indigestion or lost out in some project. Joanna liked men in a comradely way and never flirted, for she was very sincere and hated to hurt anything. Besides, she wanted to keep her heart all in one place.

She and Oliver walked and drove and canoed together and talked much about nothing in particular and said a lot that they did not mean, which was a sure method of learning each other's tastes. She ridiculed his commonplace title and began posing for Phil for the illustrations.

Howbridge tried to get down to work on his story, which was to be of no great length and which ordinarily he could have written in a few days, but he made no headway. He could not suit himself, he made a jumble of it, and each morning's installment was written in a different mood. At last he destroyed it and began over again, wondering what was the matter with him.

He soon found out. Meanwhile he found himself at an inexplicable standstill in his acquaintance with Joanna, who seemed to avoid him. One day he entered the studio while she was posing, and her eyes met his with a question new to them. The same day she broke off in the midst of a song to ask:

"To compose a heart breaking thing like that did he have to have the experience himself?"

"Not necessarily. If he had sufficient artistic imagination he would get a better perspective of the suffering of another."

She struck up a gay melody, but her face was thoughtful. Then her mood changed, and he could not keep up with her brilliant sallies. She teased and dared him, half bewildered and wholly charmed him. He decided that she could flirt most gloriously and was ready for her, but by evening she was again unapproachable.

The next morning he was called to the studio, where he found Joanna posing listlessly. Phil was irritated and critical.

"She can't get it. Help her, Howbridge. There has to be a man anyway. You know how the scene ought to go."

"I may do for attitude," he said calmly, "but keep my face out—the dear public knows it. Ready? Tell me if the pose is not right."

But he knew it was. He walked to her side and drew her into his arms, with his face against her hair and her hands in his. He quivered, knowing his touch meant nothing to her—that she was only posing.

When it was over he thought it out in his room. And nearly all night he wrote his own story—and Joanna's—just as it was—how he had met and came to love her. He put into it his heart and soul, going beyond fact only in making her finally yield to his plea for her love. It was morning when he finished.

After breakfast he told Phil to let the pictures go for awhile, got the sketches of Joanna, locked them up and went to touching up his work of the night preceding. Surely it would move her—it would tell her better than spoken words.

After luncheon he slipped the manuscript under the door and waited. He heard her enter the room. He walked the floor, but all afternoon she made no sign.

At dinner her head was high, her cheeks pink and her eyes very bright, and later she asked Howbridge to go up the river. They walked silently to the canoe. Joanna took the paddle, and bade Howbridge not to talk. He did not wish to. It was enough to look at her and wait till she let him ask her about their story. As they glided near the shore in blurring tree shadows she spoke.

"That is a good story. I congratulate you on your success." Could she be joking? "The plot is clever, the characters are true to life and it is full of feeling." Her tone was cutting.

"Joanna! Don't you understand? Don't"—

"I understand perfectly. You [illegible] I despise you [illegible] care, but you dared to show me what advantage you gave my love. I shall get over it."

"Joanna!" Her eyes blazed.

"And you dared to touch me when my brother's presence made me powerless to resent it, and you knew what it meant to me? Oliver Howbridge, you"— but he stopped her.

"It's my turn now. I love you. The story was written for you alone—no one else will see it. It is the story of my heart, dear. I thought you would understand. It was my way of telling you that life is made of wanting you. Don't you see? Can't you love me, Jo?"

Her anger died away. Tears stood in her eyes, but her laugh was saucy, provoking.

"Yes, Oliver, but not enough to die with you just yet."

"Die?"

"Yes. We will, if you don't stay where you are and stop tipping the canoe." She was her old teasing self. It was shamefully late before she would land and let her lover take her into his arms, and into his heart for all time.

A Promising Customer.

The brisk, well dressed stranger stepped into the corner drug store and, passing by the boy who usually attended to casual customers, approached the proprietor, who, with his back turned, was rearranging some goods on a showcase.

"Mr. Sawyer, I presume," he said pleasantly, and the druggist turned and bowed gravely.

"I have heard my friend, Senator Brown, speak of you often," said the brisk man. "He told me if ever I needed anything in this line to come to you. He spoke of you as a man on whom one could rely with perfect confidence, who carried only the best of everything, and with whom it was always a pleasure to deal."

"The senator is very kind," said the druggist, beaming with gratification. "He is one of my best customers. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Well—er—this morning, as it happens," said the stranger, with a shade less of briskness, "this morning I should like, if [illegible] to [illegible]"

"[illegible]," said the druggist. "[illegible] if you need anything in that line." [illegible]

THE DUAL EMPIRE.

Bismarck's Simple Plan For the Dismemberment of Austria.

Like all other great plans, Bismarck's project for dismembering the Austrian empire was simple. Through his ubiquitous agents he promised the Poles and southern Slavs a free state, in the south, again, he furthered the irredentist propaganda, which should have as a natural consequence the cession of Italian speaking Austria to Italy; Galicia, the Bukowina and Dalmatia were to be separated from the empire, while the rest of Austria—German Austria—was to be linked to the possessions of William of Hohenzollern. This was the ideal he dangled before the eyes of the youth of the dual empire. Deputies in his pay raised the Hohenzollern-ruf—the Berlin cry—in the very parliament. His mercenaries were busy in every province. They were abroad in all parts of the empire, from Bohemia to Croatia, from the Tyrol to the Bukowina; they were Magyars, Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Italians, Roumanians—all the diverse subjects of the many tongued empire.

Never before was there an organization at once so indefinite and so powerful. Not all of these men who were hacking at the state were money hired. Ambition bought some. Others were sincere patriots, seeing in the downfall of Austria an opportunity for the freedom of a new Hungary or the creation of a new Slavic empire. It should be borne in mind that the dual empire is really a triple state—Austria-Hungary-Bohemia—which is governed by the German speaking minority. These 22,000,000 Slavs, who are ruled by 14,000,000 Germans, are in a ceaseless struggle to gain power. They are animated by patriotic motives. Though traitors to Austria they are true to their race. In them Bismarck found tools ready to his hand. Nor did the men of the north of Hungary and in the Bukowina, the irredentists of the Italian provinces of Austria, the Ruthenians, or "Little Russians," who form the bulk of the population of Galicia, which is called "Red Russia," need much urging to range themselves among the enemies of the house of Hapsburg. Not even England ever organized discontent in an alien land with greater success.

Those who are at all informed in matters of international politics know that one of the greatest powers to be reckoned with in continental affairs is "the cavalry of St. George." This is the cant term for English gold. Many a time have the Balkans seen the keen charge of golden guineas. Those yellow riders have swept through Paris and Lisbon and many another capital. Bismarck stole these tactics from the English book. He stabled his golden cavalry in the very heart of the old empire. You may trace their hoof marks to the very door of the royal palace. You hear the noise of them on the stone flags of the Ballplatz.—Vance Thompson in Success.

Poultry Yard Peacemakers.

Two young bantam roosters in a New Jersey chicken yard glared at each other for several minutes the other morning, and then, amid a great squawking and leaping and flying of feathers, they began to fight.

A circle of young hens and cocks formed around them. This gathering looked on with great interest. [illegible] sight and then, with a blow of either foot, which he drove, the youthful combatants apart. After a few clucks and crows, exclamations of disgust and disappointment and baffled rage, peace was restored again. Then the old rooster went back to the quiet and lonely corner where he had been musing.

"I call that fellow my peacemaker," said the farmer. "Whenever a fight starts among the young fowl he turns to and puts a stop to it. Peacemakers in chicken yards aren't so unusual as you'd think. This one is the third I've owned, and I have friends that tell me they have had peacemakers too. A peacemaker is always an old rooster of great strength."—New York Telegram.

Took No Chance.

Phelim Casey was engaged on the ridge pole of Squire Pond's house when he lost his footing and slid down to the edge of the roof. His legs went down, but he clutched the eaves trough and hung on for dear life.

"That's right, Phelim!" called the squire, who had seen him slip. "You hang on a minute till I can get a ladder up there!"

But even as he spoke Phelim relaxed his hold and dropped to the ground.

As soon as the squire made sure that no bones were broken and that Phelim was simply bruised here and there and shaken up he began to berate the man in vigorous language.

"Why in the world didn't you hang on, as I told you to, you great stupid?" he demanded. "I'd have been there in a minute."

"Maybe you wud," said Phelim sullenly, "but how did I know but the eaves would give way before you got there?"

Wonderful Vitality of Insect Eggs.

The eggs of insects have greater vitality than any other life germs now known. After exposing silkworm eggs to a temperature of 38 degrees below the zero of a Fahrenheit thermometer for five hours Spallanzi, the great entomologist, was surprised to find that they had not been frozen in the least and that their vitality was not in the least impaired. On another occasion he treated a dozen [illegible] eggs to a temperature of 50 degrees below zero without injuring the life germ in the slightest degree.

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How Earl Hargis Went A-shopping

By Sara Beaumont Kennedy

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THE gentlemen's furnishing house on Spring street was making a "run" on fine shirts, and, although Earl Hargis hated shopping as the devil hates holy water, he wended his way thither, having been recently reminded by his landlady that his shirts were getting "low." On the counters were a vast array of garments in all sizes and colors. It seemed a hopeless task to decide among such a bewildering assortment of blues and pinks and lilacs and stripes and dots, and Earl found himself inwardly upbraiding Eve for entailing upon the human race the necessity for anything beyond "nature unadorned." He was just making up his mind to tell the sleek clerk to put him up "any old thing" when a sweet feminine voice from somewhere near his elbow asked another clerk to show her the shirts. Surprised to find a woman in a tailor shop, Earl glanced up from the red and black monstrosity he was examining and saw a slender and particularly pretty young woman beside him. In fact, there were two women, but he did not glance a second time at the elderly one.

EARL SAW THE HAT SHE HAD CHOSEN.

"Jack had rather go shirtless than shop for himself," the young divinity was saying to her companion, "so I buy all his things. It is as much as I can do to drag him in here to be measured for a new suit. Ah, is not this blue shirt a beauty?" She lifted one of the garments Earl had rejected, and instantly it seemed the most desirable one in the lot. Down into the heterogeneous mass she plunged and drew out garment after garment, holding them up for inspection, rejecting or retaining them and talking gayly all the while.

"Do you know, Mollie, I think men are greatly to be pitied. Think of having nothing prettier or daintier than these madras things—no laces, no ribbons, no chiffons. I am sure I consider the wearing of organdies and elbow sleeves a higher privilege than stuffing ballots in an old box. Give me that red shirt," she continued to the clerk. "No, not the red and black. That is mourning for his Satanic majesty, so the proverb says. And now that lilac striped one. That is the very prettiest shirt I ever saw. Jack will look lovely in that, just lovely."

These remarks were divided between the clerk and her companion, but Earl drank it all in. What a lucky dog Jack was to have an angel like that to do his shopping and, incidentally, his housekeeping. He had never before felt his bachelorhood to be a burden. But at any rate he would profit if only at second hand by this woman's fine taste. So he surreptitiously duplicated the selections she made and, paying his bill, followed the two into the street. With what a sure tread the younger one walked! How well she held her shoulders and what wonderful gold gleams there were in her hair! Thinking enviously of Jack's luck, Earl went into the bank where he worked. But all day he seemed to hear that clear voice saying, "Jack will look lovely in this shirt, just lovely!" How nice it must be to have a pretty woman say that about one! And he put his own name in place of Jack's and tried to imagine how her voice would sound in pronouncing it. That night his dreams were a checkered conglomeration of blue and lilac shirts trimmed in impossible chiffons and short sleeves. In the morning he told himself he was a fool and went soberly to his ledger.

But a week later, prodded by a very shabby reflection in his glass, he once more sought the tailor's shop and, to his surprise, found the same two young women before the counter.

"I simply could not stand Jack in his old suit another day, so I am selecting him a new one, Mollie. This gray is very soft and will make up beautifully. That brown? No. I do not care for a dark man in brown. It kills his coloring. Gray emphasizes his best points. I shall take this."

She laid the sample down and went to look at some hats. Earl, unnoticed, picked up the bit of cloth and fixed the quality and shade in his mind. Was he not a dark man? And if gray suited Jack it would suit him also. While he was talking to the clerk he heard the clear voice that haunted his dreams so often of late saying:

"Not that wide brim, Mollie. A tall fellow like Jack would look childish in that. This straw alpine is the very thing. Jack's square, cut off shoulders will look like those of Hercules topped off with this."

Lifting his eyes to a nearby mirror, Earl saw without turning his head the hat she had chosen. Certainly Jack's shoulders could not be any squarer than his own. He, too, would have an alpine hat. And so once again had she rescued him from doubt. It really seemed a shame; almost a theft, for him to use her taste and judgment thus without her knowledge, but it was so much easier than thinking out things for himself, and it could make no difference to her, for she would never know. So he gave his order and then went outside and stood smoking until the two women emerged from the door, and he saw plainly the face of his unknown and unknowing mentor, and he told himself for the twentieth time that she was beautiful and that Jack was the luckiest dog in the world.

A week later when the gray suit came home he did full homage to her taste. Never had he had anything that suited him so well, and the alpine hat "topped" him off just as she had said. He caught himself ardently wishing that she could see him and set upon him the seal of her approval with one of those flashing smiles he had watched play about her fine lips. And, realizing what he was wishing, he blushed at his vanity and daring, and, having argued that it was neither wise nor proper for him to think so often of her, he set to work to forget the litheness of her movements and the exact tint of gold in her hair.

Before the suit was a fortnight old Mrs. Gorman gave her long remembered boat excursion.

"I specially wish you, my dear Earl, to meet Nellie Penton, and shall expect you to take her off my hands for the evening. She is just the girl to cure you of your bachelor proclivities," so the old lady wrote, and Earl, owing her several social obligations, acquiesced, mentally anathematizing the girl, who would, of course, be dull and homely. Women of Mrs. Gorman's age were likely to put general utility before grace or beauty in another woman.

The evening of the outing was perfect—a gold and violet sunset to be followed by star shine and moonlight such as Cupid dearly loves. A brilliant company had already assembled on the boat when Earl crossed the gangway and mounted to the cabin deck. He glanced at the cloud dyed water rippling away to the river's farther shore and then at the tete-a-tete chairs along the boat's rail and sighed to think that the coming hours, with such wonderful possibilities in the line of lovemaking, must be squandered on a plain, "sensible" girl. At the top of the stair there was something of a crush, most of the company having just emerged from paying their respects to the hostess in the cabin. So it happened that Earl, turning his broad shoulders first one way and then another to occupy less space, came at last to the cabin door and entered simultaneously with two other late guests.

At the far end of the saloon hung a huge mirror, and as the three newcomers cleared themselves from the outgoing crowd and stepped forward they involuntarily lifted their eyes to this mirror and then suddenly stopped, for the reflection showed a lithe, graceful girl with blue eyes and wonderful sun tints in her hair standing between two men who at first glance might have been taken for twins. With a quick motion the girl put her hand to her eyes as if to clear them from some mist, but when she looked again at the mirror the same reflection was there. On either side of her was a tall, dark, broad shouldered man in a light gray suit, lavender striped shirt and alpine hat. Even the white polka dotted ties were the same. She gasped, and her companion stared stupidly, but Earl flushed hotly. It was as if he had been detected in a theft with the stolen goods upon him. In the flash of time they stood thus he felt the girl's eyes travel over him questioningly, accusingly. Then, bareheaded, he strode across the floor to where the hostess stood surrounded by her guests.

"HOW DO YOU HAPPEN TO BE DRESSED JUST AS YOU ARE?"

"My dear Earl," she cooed softly, "I am so glad to see you! As soon as I am at leisure I will hunt up Nellie Penton and introduce you."

But Earl as soon as possible slipped away in the crowd. He knew he was a fool, but the thought of spending those moonlit hours with the homely Nellie and this other woman within reach was intolerable. If he could only talk to the latter for a few moments out there in the starlight by the rail, how delightful it would be! But he sternly forbade himself to seek so much as an introduction to her. He knew his duty to the proprieties, and there was no use in running his neck or his heart into a metaphorical noose. So after chatting with some chance acquaintances he found a quiet nook on the pilot deck and sat smoking and watching the stars reflected in the water, dreaming an idle dream of what "might have been."

But presently he was aware that some one stood behind his chair. A hand fell on his shoulder and then a clear voice said softly:

"Having a pleasant time, Jack, dear? You were wise to come up here. It's awfully stuffy dancing in the cabin. I literally ran away from Mrs. Gorman, who wished me to play the agreeable to one of her bachelor proteges."

A dozen emotions fought for dominance in Earl's consciousness. He knew he should declare himself, but a glance at the white hand on his shoulder dissipated his resolution. He simply could not tell her to take that hand away; every nerve in his body was responding to its gentle pressure.

"Was not that a strange meeting as we came in?" continued the girl. "For a moment I thought I 'had 'em,' as you bad boys say. Then I saw your two faces; yours clean shaven, his with a mustache, and my reason was re-enthroned. I knew I was not seeing double. I wonder who he is. He is certainly very handsome, and his eyes—I should adore a man with eyes like that!"

The blood was racing through Earl's veins, mingling a tumultuous happiness with his embarrassment. Each moment an announcement of his identity seemed more imperative and at the same time more impossible. He could imagine her confusion if she now discovered her mistake. He had waited too long; there was nothing to do but keep up the deception and trust to fate. So he sat quite still while she babbled on for a few moments about the interesting stranger. Then she pulled his ear softly and ran away. Earl, relieved at the turn of affairs, followed her slowly and unnoticed to the deck below, where she paused in the belt of light that streamed from the cabin door. Inside Jack was dancing with a pretty girl and looking unutterably tender things into her upturned eyes. Seeing him, the woman outside stopped as if suddenly stricken with some moveless horror. Was she jealous? Earl wondered and would gladly have throttled Jack for her. But evidently jealousy was not the trouble. She passed her hand quickly over her eyes and then looked back over her shoulder up the stair she had just descended, a storm of questioning annoyance in her eyes. Then Earl knew she understood, and he stepped boldly out of the shadow beside her and lifted his hat.

"I most humbly beg your pardon," he began, but got no further, for Mrs. Gorman came out of the opposite shadow and exclaimed in delight:

"Well, here at last I have you two together. Earl, this is Miss Penton, of whom I told you, and, Nellie, this is Mr. Hargis, the crusty bachelor whose heart is said to be invulnerable and on whom I wish you to try your sharpest arrows. Run along, now, both of you, to the end of this deck. Supper is just being served."

She bustled on into the cabin with her invitation, and the two in the band of light stood staring at each other.

"How do you happen to be dressed just as you are," she demanded, "and how dared you sit up yonder"—

But he interrupted with another question. "You are not Jack's wife?"

"Jack's wife! Of course not. I'm his sister."

"His sister? Thank heaven! Say, let the supper go hang, and come back to the upper deck. I have yards and miles of apologies to make. Come, please." He drew her to the stair, and in a few minutes two pairs of eyes saw the broken star shine from the pilot deck.

"It was deucedly impertinent in me to use your taste that way," Earl concluded penitently when he had told her how he had eavesdropped her in the shops. "I can't be sorry, but—won't you forgive me anyhow?"

"I might forgive that, but you let me stand here with my hand on your shoulder and say"—

"And say you'd adore a man with eyes like mine? Yes; thank heaven, you said it, and I heard it."

She stood up. "Will you take me down to supper, Mr. Hargis?"

"No, for you are not hungry. You are going to stay right here and say that you forgive me."

And she stayed. Two hours later when they parted at the end of the gangway he held her hand a moment. "Miss Penton, there is something I wish very much to hear you say."

"What is it?"

"This: 'Earl Hargis, you are lovely in those clothes, just lovely, and I rather like you, and you may send me some roses in the morning and call to see me in the evening.'"

She must have said it, and many calls must have followed that first one, for when the house on Spring street had its clearing sale the following season two women again stood before the counter.

"Yes, Mollie, I have two sets to choose now, for Earl is as bad about shopping as Jack and has not set his foot in a dry goods store since we were married."

All Snakes Do Not Hiss.

The popular idea that all snakes hiss is incorrect when anacondas are in question, if we may believe a close observer of the serpent family. The sound they make is more like a growl than a hiss and has been well described by a traveler as a "low, roaring noise." Their powers of deglutition are sufficiently wonderful to make exaggeration unnecessary, credible witnesses testifying to the fact that one has been known to swallow a horse, while bullocks are not infrequently attacked also. Few nonscientific readers, by the way, are aware that not only do the jaw hinges of the boa tribe become dislocated in the act of swallowing a large animal, subsequently resuming their proper position by means of the elastic connecting tendons, but that the skull bones separate centrally, so the whole constitutes a sort of quadrangular orifice with apparently indefinite powers of expansion.

Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

MINOT LEDGE LIGHT.

The Historic Storm Which Destroyed the Original Structure.

The lighthouse on Minot's ledge stands within the shadow of a tragedy. It is the second structure erected upon the ledge. The first lighthouse and the lives it held were claimed by the sea. Begun in 1847 and completed in November, 1848, it was overwhelmed in April, 1851. Its destruction was the most tragic event in the history of our lighthouse establishment. The structure was an octagonal tower supported upon wrought iron piles strengthened by braces. The piles penetrated five feet into the rock. On the braces, thirty-four and a half feet above the rock the keeper had constructed a platform for the storage of bulky articles and had fastened to the lantern deck, sixty-three feet above the rock, a five and a half inch hawser, which he had anchored to a seven ton granite block. Along this hawser articles were hoisted up to the platform and there landed. These improvements were convenient and fatal, not, however, to the keeper who made them, for he was on shore when the storm which has become historic for its fury burst over the coast.

On Monday, April 14, 1851, there was a strong easterly gale blowing. At that time there were on the tower two assistant keepers and a friend of the principal keeper. The visitor became frightened at the first indication of a storm, and in response to a signal from the tower a boat put off for Cohasset and took him ashore. On Tuesday the wind swung around to the northeast, the most dangerous quarter from which the elements can hurl themselves upon Minot's, as they then rejoice in the accumulated fury of miles of wind torn sea. By the 16th it had increased to a hurricane, and the tower was so completely buried in the heavy seas that nothing of it could be seen by the group of anxious watchers at Cohasset.

About 4 o'clock in the evening of the 16th the platform was washed ashore. Then the watchers knew that the water had risen to within seven feet of the tower. At nightfall it was seen that the light was burning. It was observed at fitful intervals until 10 o'clock that night, when it was finally lost to sight. At 1 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 17, just at the turn of the flood, when the outstreaming tide and the inrushing hurricane met at Minot's, a violent tolling of the lighthouse bell was heard. After that no sound rose above the din of the storm. About 6 o'clock in the morning a man walking along the shore saw a chair washed up a little distance ahead of him. Examining it, he recognized it as having been in the watch room of the tower. After this discovery no one had any doubts of the tragedy which had been enacted behind the curtain of the storm. When it lifted naught was seen over Minot's ledge but the sea, its white crests streaming triumphantly in the gale.

It is believed by those competent to judge of such matters that the destruction of the tower was due to the surface which the platform constructed by the keeper offered to the waves and to the strain of the hawser upon the structure. Every time this hawser was struck by a sea it actually tugged at the tower. There seems also little doubt that the sum appropriated by congress for the building of the lighthouse was insufficient by about two-thirds for such a structure as the perilous situation called for.—Century.

$62 Buffalo to San Francisco.

Account triennial conclave Knights Templar and Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. Tickets on sale August 15th to September 9th, good returning until October 23, 1904. This rate, in connection with the excellent service offered, makes the Nickel Plate road a favorite route. For particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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